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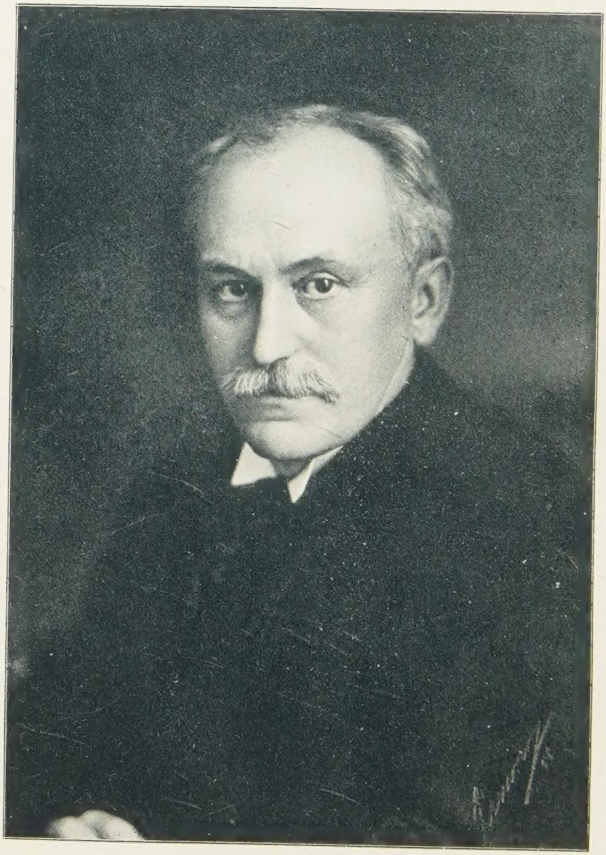

THE INVESTMENT OF TRUTH

AND OTHER SERMONS

BY

FREDERIC E. DEWHURST

AUTHOR OF "DWELLERS IN TENTS"

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

ALBION W. SMALL

CHICAGO
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
1907

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Published June 1907

Composed and Printed By
The University of Chicago Press
Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

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DEDICATED TO

WINIFRED, HELEN, DOROTHY,

AND FREDERIC

"O young mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the gleam."

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INTRODUCTION

Frederic Eli Dewhurst was in the Christian ministry twenty-four years, less because he had a message to deliver than because he had a message to discover. There was a real sense in which, after his struggles to get the message, he had a right as clear as the apostle John's to describe the content of his preaching as "that which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the Word of Life." There was strong resemblance, too, between the types of truth to which the earlier and the later apostle testified.

These sermons should be read, therefore, not as exercises in rhetoric, not as samples of literary form, not as expositions of a complete theology, but chiefest as leaves from the log of a single-hearted explorer. There is but slight hyperbole in calling them the automatic record of the self-discovery of a soul. At the same time, they are a diary of a rediscovery of Jesus Christ and of the Father whom he revealed. As separate discourses they have relatively little significance. When they are taken as minutes of a consistent spiritual progress, they constitute a human document of rare value.

Mr. Dewhurst's philosophy, as it appears at its ripest in this volume, was not anthropomorphic nor anthropocentric, in senses long since discredited; yet it was frankly anthroponormative, if I may be per-

mitted to coin such a term for views of life in which the latest readings of psychology and sociology blend. His sermons contain more direct evidence of attention to the psychologists than to the sociologists; but, although he always refers to himself as a learner, it is not too much to say that he was evidently entitled to rank as a fellow-worker in both divisions of labor. The sermon which gives the title to this volume is at once a proof of his own grasp of the religious significance of the transition from the static to the dynamic interpretation of life, and a prophecy of the revitalizing of religion which will follow general assimilation of that conception. The other cardinal perception, that everything has value for our intelligence in proportion to its visible worth for human personality, had the force of an axiom in his thinking. He did not state it oftener, because he assumed it always. It came to light most distinctly in such sermons as "Eating the Shrewbread," "The Spirit within the Wheels," "The Sacramental Value of Material Things," and "Work."

Readers of this volume would miss its chief meaning if they supposed that it was a product of the usual editorial selection and correction. It is not a collection of sermons for special occasions. It is not a laboriously emendated edition of faulty texts. Mr. Dewhurst filed and indexed, by number and title, every sermon that he wrote, and as a rule he read in the pulpit with little variation what he had written. In the course of years he recomposed some of the

earlier sermons, or used parts of them in the structure of others. Some of the sermons have been published in religious newspapers, and the copy was not returned to the file. For these and similar reasons there are gaps in the collection. With these exceptions, and with allowance also for the more than fifty sermons previously published in pamphlet or book form, the file, in which the last number is 909, is complete. Since 1889 Mr. Dewhurst composed his sermons upon the typewriter. Those in the present series are printed just as he left them, with here and there such corrections as occur in the usual proof-reading. The sheets contain on the average fewer alterations than would ordinarily be necessary if an author had dictated from his complete copy to a typist. The sermons chosen for this volume were all written in the last two years of Mr. Dewhurst's life. There is no conspicuous difference in quality between them and the others preached during the same period. They are selected rather than others because they seem to cover the whole gamut of his later message. With the exception of the sermon "The Investment of Truth," which was preached April 22, 1906, the chronological order has here been followed. It may be taken as a fair indication of the most satisfying perspective of truth which Mr. Dewhurst achieved. The last seven sermons in the volume are the last that he wrote. They begin with "Work," his greeting to the church on the first Sunday after his vacation in 1906, and the illness that proved fatal attacked him after he had completed the sermon

"Rejoicing in Youth." The day on which he had expected to preach it at Princeton University proved to be next to the last Sunday of his life.

Scarcely a trace of the hortatory element of preaching will be found in this volume. In this respect, too, it is fairly indicative of the means which Mr. Dewhurst chose to use or to leave unused. The fact, in one phase or another, was made a reproach against him throughout his ministerial life. But while some men could not be themselves without exhorting, he would on most occasions have been as unreal in exhortation as in the rôle of Shylock. He was bent on finding the meaning of life. In listening to him I always had a feeling, which has been heightened by reading his sermons, that he did not much care whether people would immediately accept his words or not, and that it would have spoiled him if he had cared. The main thing with him was to find the forward and upward path, and to keep faring ahead. He made on me the impression of a path-breaker continually calling back from new altitudes: "This is the way! I am pressing on!" He seemed to rely on the essential humanity in men to forge forward in the same direction, and to make its own use of his pioneering. He would have been the last to propose his own preaching as a model for all preachers. It was merely his individual way of being a man and doing a man's work. More evidently than any other man I have known, Mr. Dewhurst displayed the truth of an ancient proverb in its

latest form: "Der Mut der Wahrheit ist der Talismann."

I was once in a small company, chiefly of ministers, when President Harper led the conversation with the bantering remark: "I have come to the conclusion that no one can be at the same time a popular preacher and an honest man." A long discussion followed of the different types of compromise which an intellectual man must make with his best self in order to catch the ear of the public. Mr. Dewhurst was so absolutely incapable of these compromises that he was a preacher for the few, not for the many. But if he were to be judged as a preacher alone, he would still be entitled to eminence. During his second pastorate, a peculiarly competent critic, who was a regular attendant at Trinity Church, Boston, but who spent the summer vacations at Burlington, wrote to me as follows: "If it were not for the single item of physical inequality, I firmly believe that Mr. Dewhurst would take rank as a preacher with Phillips Brooks. I get as much from the younger man's sermons as from the older." Discriminating members of each of his congregations have concurred in similar estimates. Yet it would obscure the supreme meaning of Mr. Dewhurst's life, if he were to be thought of as distinctively a preacher. As a pastor he did a quantity and a quality of work with such economy of system that his example would shame many a faithful minister; yet he was not distinctively a pastor. Mr. Moody would probably have been unable to understand what was meant if he had heard

Mr. Dewhurst called an evangelist. He was not even supposed to be "evangelical." Yet he was incessantly brooding over the young people of his parish, and reaching out after them, and trying to lead them into the church. In his last sickness he was appealing to them, and planning the work of Christian nurture which had prospered in his hands in his later years. But he was not distinctively an evangelist. There was a didactic element in all that he said. His influence in the Sunday school and in the week-day meetings of the church showed quick appreciation of educational improvement. Some of his friends often queried whether the professor's chair, rather than the pulpit, would not have been a more favorable center for his influence. But he was not distinctively a teacher. He was first and foremost a seeker after truth. Whatever he was besides, in his maturer life, was incidental to this central character and vocation. To his mind the working principles which experience had wrought out were rather raw materials of truth than completed knowledge. They were authoritative so long as more literal truth is beyond our grasp, but at best mere rudiments of the mysteries of life which remain to be discerned.

If I were to select his epitaph, I think on the whole I should choose these words: "While ye have light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of light." Mr. Dewhurst believed in the veracity of life, in the authenticity of life's revelations, and in the credibility of the evidence which the revelations con-

tain. All this was the light to which he gave full faith and credit while committed to his chief life-task of arriving at completer light. To get more light; to gain a higher, larger outlook; to sweep a broader horizon; to adjust a truer perspective: to see things in their real relations, were to him the first duty of man. Action in accordance with the light was assumed as a matter of course, sooner or later, and, so far as his temperament and talents permitted, he was faithful in trying to make men use the truth as a standard and rule of action. He was centrally, however, a discerner of truth, rather than a persuader of other men to believe or obey the truth. Speaking psychologically, Mr. Dewhurst functioned less as a preacher than as an artist. To portray, to express, was his main effort. Persuasion was left largely to take care of itself.

Judged intrinsically, not by its accidents, this book should be distinguished from the works of the preachers. It is a contribution to the literature of strenuous communion with God.

Albion W. Small

THE INVESTMENT OF TRUTH

"Wherefore gavest thou not my money into the bank, and I at my coming should have required it with interest?"—Luke 19:23.

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THE INVESTMENT OF TRUTH

We are beginning to realize that Jesus was a prince of story-tellers. We knew already, of course, that "he spake in parables;" but that phrase somehow seems so solemn and remote that we forget it means just the plain, familiar thing—"he told a story." Because these stories have come down to us in the Bible, moreover, and we have been accustomed to hear them read in a manner and tone of voice different from that which we associate with other books, we more than likely miss the sparkle of fancy, the play of imagination, the gentle light of humor, with which they were at first accompanied.

Many of these stories of Jesus were told for the purpose of relieving a difficult situation. They took off the strain. It is proverbially true that the only way at times to put an end to controversy, when everything is getting tense and embarrassing for both parties, is to sidetrack it with a story. And the superb skill of Jesus in the use of anecdote reached a climax in his ability to extricate himself from controversy, when controversy was simply of no use whatsoever.

Some of these stories of which Jesus made use had their roots in the tales of the Talmud, but in his telling they came to greater amplitude and into closer contact with actual life. He gives a picture where the Talmud sketches only an outline. The parable of the talents—

or, as we might call it, the story of the three investments—is a case in point. The Talmud story relates that a certain king gave a deposit to each of three servants. The first guarded it safely; the second lost it; the third defiled it, and committed a part to another to keep. After a time the king returned and demanded his deposits. Him who guarded it he praised, and made prefect of his house. Him who lost it he visited with capital punishment, and ordered that neither his name nor his possessions should remain. To the third he said: "Retain him until we see what the other will do in whose hands he left a part. If he has treated the deposit rightly, let this one be restored to liberty; but if not, let him be punished." Here perhaps is the germ of Christ's story of the talents which he brought so much nearer to life and the amplitude of human experience. Yet to ears trained in the lore of the Talmud his story may have sounded strangely familiar, and for that very reason may have won attention and approval until its drift was perceived.

It is this drift and bearing of the story which I ask you at this time to follow. We sometimes allow our interest to follow the surface incidents of the story, observing the respective uses and rewards of the differing trusts; but there is a gulf stream of the story into which we are not always drawn. Let us see, then, if we can follow that. It discloses itself in this swift, surprising question: "Why did you not put my money into the bank, that I might receive my own with interest?"

Now, money put into the bank is possibly not quite so safe as money that is put into an old stocking and buried in the cellar. It is not so safe as the mysterious and proverbial treasure of Captain Kidd; for that has never been found. Money in the bank is subject to certain perils—to the vicissitudes of human prudence and integrity, and to certain unpredictable calamities, such as that which has twice overwhelmed the cities of the Pacific coast. Nevertheless, money in the bank is moving and growing money. It is live capital. It is wealth put to service. You make the venture, you take the risk, you discount possible disaster, for the sake of gain and growth. In the last resort it is a question of emphasis. One may forego safety for the sake of gain; that is what two men in the story did. Or one may forego gain for the sake of safety; that is what the third man did. And the praise of Christ was given to the men who took the risk. He gave the primacy to gain and growth, rather than to safety and fixedness.

At this point, therefore, his story stands in conspicuous contrast with the Talmud story. For in the Talmud story the king gives the chief reward to the servant who safely guarded his deposit: he makes him prefect of the palace. Christ's story gives no praise or reward to the man who merely guarded his deposit, kept it safe, and gave it back intact. This was the man who came in for reproof. And, worst of all, he had his safeguarded talent taken away from him.

Now, this is a difference which goes too deep to pass unnoticed; for it brings to view the two most

radically opposed interpretations of life, of what human experience is, and how it grows; of what truth is, and what we are to do with it.

The contrast appears at once; for the issue was already on between Christ and the religious teachers of his day. That is why he told the story. Its application is obvious enough. The servant who guarded his deposit, and whom the Talmud praised, represents those learned and cautious rabbis whom Christ identified with the man who hid his talent in the earth, because he was unwilling to take the risk of losing it. These were the men on whom he had his eye; precisely the men of whom, in a different form of speech, he said at another time: "The kingdom shall be taken from you and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof."

Here, then, is the contrast. The rabbis held that the truth was a sacred tradition to be kept intact and handed down; the law, a holy revelation to be revered and obeyed; and, lest at some unsuspected point it should be infringed, they invented the minor commandments—a chain of subtle casuistry which surrounded this sacred revelation and which they called "the hedge around the law." And there is no respect in which Jesus stands out in the open, as the comrade and champion of fearless thought, and of those who are willing to take ventures and to launch their soul's interest on the ocean of God, so much as in his avowed conviction that the truth, instead of being a treasure to be guarded, is capital to be used. It is a means of

service, an instrument of life, something invested for the sake of its returns in character, in welfare, and in growth.

The radical fact which comes to view in the situation of Christ's time, the contrast of view between himself and the Jewish rabbis, is the same which follows human history, along the line of intellectual progress and religious development, as a fissure in the rock, growing more wide and apparent; and in the field of religion it is a fact which becomes everywhere vital and significant, calling upon men to see clearly and to make their choice. The truth which we call the truth of revelation is either a deposit to be sacredly guarded, a tradition to be handed down intact; or else it is the truth which finds contact with all truth that comes to light in human experience—truth to be used and trusted, to be risked in the ventures which life demands as it moves on. Revelation is either something whose supreme test is its power to remain unchanged and unchanging—a static reality; or else it is something whose supreme test is its power to fructify life, to deepen and enhance its values, to give life significance as it keeps growing on—in a word, its power to prove a living and dynamic reality.

The Jewish rabbis took the static view; Jesus took the dynamic view. The Roman church, consistently and tenaciously, holds to the static view. It has an infallible tradition, an infallible church to guard that tradition, and an infallible head to interpret the tra-

dition. It cannot change. And yet, in spite of itself, it has changed.

The Protestant church struggles between the static and the dynamic views. Never in any formal way committed to the theory of revelation and truth as a growth in human experience, a talent to be given to the bankers, it is forced nevertheless, by its own inherent principle, to commit itself to that conception, or else fall back into the position of the Roman church from which it emerged. There is no middle ground; and the tremendous significance of what is going on in the world of Protestantism today is seen in this double current, sweeping a part of Protestantism back, and a part onward toward the open sea. It is therefore a question of serious moment with us, whether we are willing to move onward, out of the quiet harbor, into the deep sea, where there will be only the ocean around us and the sky above.

Now, in a time of hesitation and of indecision over an issue so grave as this, it is perfectly natural and perfectly right that men everywhere should ask the question—and they will ask it with seriousness and concern precisely to the degree that the faith and the religious life has consequence in their eyes: If the truth of revelation is not the absolute, final, and authoritative thing we have supposed it to be, then what ground have we to stand upon, what security for the life of the spirit?

As a partial answer to this question I ask you to note that this was precisely the question which the man

with the one talent was tacitly asking. He was far the most careful and cautious man of the three. He said: "This talent is so precious and sacred that I must take no risks with it. I must incur no chance of loss. I must not speculate with it. I must not let it get out into the currents of secular life. I must give it back to my lord when he returns." And that seems at first a most laudable attitude—this cautious, reverent mood; this desire to be faithful to his trust; this controlling fear of loss or waste, the dread of any impairment to the trust committed. And, when the day of reckoning came, with pardonable pride he said: "Lord, here is thine own. This is the identical golden coin you put into my hands when you went away." The other men could not say that at all. The golden coins given to them had been merged in the great currents of trade. At that moment, soiled, abraded, they may have been the counters of any transaction whatsoever. They could not say: "Here, Lord, is thine own;" they could only say: "I traded with thy talents, and lo, here are five more; here are two more."

But when the man came with his one, unused coin, just as bright and new and untouched as when the master went on his journey, he was confronted with the indignant question: "Why did you not put my money to the bankers?" And his answer, if it betrayed a timid and cautious soul, was nevertheless perfectly sincere and consistent: "I was afraid to take the risk of losing what was not my own."

And this is the evident defense of anyone in

times past or present, who feels constrained to maintain the static or unchanging view of truth and revelation as the human guide. It was the defense of the rabbis. They could have said to Moses: "Here is thy law unchanged. We have watched over it and defended it through these weary years. It has suffered no abrasion or impairment. Not one jot or one tittle is unobserved."

It is also the splendid bulwark of the Roman church. Through all these years that church has stubbornly maintained what it believes to be an unbroken and unchanging tradition, and at the final accounting it hopes to say: "Here, Lord, is thine own."

But, in the light of the parable, and in the light of the mind of Christ as reflected in the parable, is it worth while to be able to say that? What if the Jewish rabbi could say: "Here is the law unchanged, unchanging, sacred"—if the maintenance of that legal tradition meant human oppression or impoverishment because of its failure to get into vital and organic connection with life? Jesus had to break a hundred legal traditions in order to liberate life itself. It is said that Cromwell made every mistake known to military strategy, and yet won his battles; and that is the great test of generalship—to win battles. Likewise, the test of law, commandment, truth, is that it shall strengthen and support and fructify life. And it was over the broken shards of ancient tradition that the bleeding feet of Jesus trod out a new highway into life. The letter of the law was killing men, and it needed the

revelation of its spirit to give them life. There was needed that transfer from the static to the dynamic field which is so perfectly forecast in the words of Paul, who, under the spell of the spirit of Christ, was an emancipated man. "If," he said, "there had been a law given which could have given life, verily righteousness should have been by the law."

Likewise, if the static view of things could vitalize and move the world, then the static view might be preferable. If you could formulate a truth, or frame a law, or establish a tradition, or organize a church, which should remain unchanged, and still elevate and fructify the life of man, then recourse might be had to that alternative. If you could have the absolute safety which comes from keeping truth out of circulation, and at the same time the gain, the increase, the accumulated dividends which accrue from pouring it into the channels of human thought and activity; if you could only say, "Lord, here is thy very own," and at the same time present the accrued dividends—then might you find justification for the man with the one talent. But that situation has never yet arisen. And when the choice is to be made on the side of gain and growth through venture, and the side of infallible certainty and security, Christ, through his parable, delivers the determining vote in favor of the man who dares.

Let us now come still closer to the question by means of which Christ condemned the man who did

not dare. "Wherefore gavest thou not my money into the bank, and I at my coming should have required it with interest?" How does that apply to truth and revelation, and to the great spiritual issues of life? How does it answer the great, hungry questions of the soul that men are forever asking?

We may get help on this question by recalling first what happens to our money when we send it to the banker. Our first act is to deposit the funds we have And this word "deposit" is an interesting word in this connection, because it is just the term which we find so often on the lips of the rabbis and legalists, the defenders of the static view of things. They are accustomed to speak of the sacred "deposit" of truth. Revelation is a "deposit"—that is, something given and settled in place, as a layer of soil is deposited on the surface of the earth. It is something essentially fixed and irremovable, something which has come to stay.

"Deposit" is also one of our current banking terms. When we place funds to our credit in the bank, in a certain theoretical and verbal sense they are deposited there, and we expect to find them there when we make demand. But in the actual economic and financial sense they are not deposited at all. A bank is not an eleemosynary institution to keep your ducats and mine from getting tarnished and stolen. It stands as the great intermediary between supply and demand. What, in bank parlance, you have deposited is swiftly diverted into the channels of industry. These countless deposits are useless in their merely deposited and safeguarded

form. They are useful only as they move on into the endless energy of the world's life. The final destiny of all wealth is to be consumed. And the real justification for diverting portions of the world's wealth from immediate consumption lies in the fact that wealth turned back into capital will produce more wealth, and thus eventually vary and enrich the satisfactions of human desire. So there the banker stands—an intermediary between supply and demand; between gold and silver; railways, buildings, and steamships; schools and colleges; art, music, travel; food and drink—all the instruments of life on the one hand, and life itself on the other. The money you deposit will never come back to you in identical form. It has gone coursing on its way toward some enrichment of life. But when it comes back to you it comes with increase of life-value and satisfaction.

Let us return to the parable of Jesus and the use he made of his fruitful metaphor. He was talking about truth and religion, about revelation and the spiritual values of life, and he was speaking to men who made a specialty of protecting these spiritual values. He said, without shrinking or hesitation, that the accrediting of truth, the demonstration of spiritual values, is out in the open field of life. This truth, which you call religious truth, must be deposited, not as a stratum of tradition, but as capital in the bank. It must be broken up, and applied to the countless needs and industries of life. It must find its credentials in its workability. What it can do must be the final test of what it is.

We have been so long accustomed to think of religious truth as a special kind of truth, as something off by itself, a kind of sacred tradition to be guarded by a special institution and a special body of men, that it comes a little difficult to press this parable of Christ's home to its real application, and to feel sure that all this great accumulation of religious truth must become the working capital of the world's life; that it must be broken up, and in a way lose its identity as religious truth, in order that it may flow into the current of the whole world's life and thought. It must have no credentials of its own, and no fear of making ventures, or of testing what it is itself by those disclosures and experiences which come to the world along avenues which are not labeled religious.

For instance, religious men have had many a tilt with the men of science. They have sometimes seemed to take it as an affront that the conclusions of science should invade their own chosen realm, and take issue with the religious tradition. But if, in reality, truth is to go to the bankers and get into circulation, then this is just one way of knowing that it is true and final and authoritative, viz., that it stands the test and scrutiny of kindred truth, and of facts equally august, which pour in from other sources. And it is just this willingness to put truth to the bankers, to find its accrediting out in the open mart of the world's life, which has proved to us, time and again, that it will come back, increased in value, bearing accumulated dividends—not the same truth, but a larger and truer truth.

Then, again, in more immediate times, religious men have had their moments of anxiety and fear over the modification of view respecting the character and development of the Bible. The growth of the historic method, and the general acceptance of an increasing body of critical conclusions, reconstructive in character, have seemed more serious even than the earthquake. We are told and told again that it undermines faith. But we must remember that, if it undermine faith, it is the static faith which is undermined. The attitude which it makes no longer tenable is the attitude of the man who wanted to save his talent, and give it back unused, identical in form.

To read the Scriptures as we read the other world-literature, to see in them the gradual unfolding of a people's religious life, is indeed to put them out to interest, and once more to find their accrediting where we seek the credentials of truth everywhere else. To say that the Bible is not an exclusively religious book in the sense that it is not a manual of religion, nor an arsenal of proof-texts, is indeed to throw it out into the world of circulation, and to let its identity mingle with that of other books. But when it comes back, it comes bearing dividends, interest-laden, with new values otherwise unsuspected and unexplored; and we see, as we did not see before, that, as one has said, it is "full of great voices that search the soul."

And then, once more, when we bring religion face to face with all the grave and vital issues of the world's

life today, the issues that grow out of the rapidly transforming conditions in the social and the political world; when we consider all these momentous questions which are bound up with the fate of democracy and self-government, we are prepared to see how needful it is to have a religion which will make ventures, a faith which cares less for preserving its own traditions than for elevating and improving life.

To bury our talent in a napkin is not merely to refuse to be of service; it is the mistake of desiring to be of service only in the one way of maintaining our talent untarnished, our tradition unbroken, our revelation unmodified and uncorrected by the growing claims of human need and human experience. It is not the sin of idleness, but the sin of traditionalism and unadaptability. It is the sin of the unventuresome faith.

The world is full today of men and women who have ceased to believe in what the historic church for the most part has believed. They have ceased, or think they have ceased, to believe in God, the soul and immortality, and the many accumulated ideals of spiritual history which seem to most of us so good and fair. What then? Shall we go on, in an isolated way, maintaining our fair belief, hiding the golden coin with its divine image and superscription, in the secret places of our hearts? Or shall we rather put it out to interest, turn it into the channels of human life, not in the way of controversy or apologies, not for the purpose of asserting the tradition, but only in the way of setting at work in this world of human need, still so starved

and so naked, these forces which shall gradually create, as an atmosphere, what is now distrusted as dogma? It is out of the soil of fruitful and growing life, out of its conscious values and gains, that there grow up in man's life the truths which it is the real interest of religion to maintain.

And when we put our truths and our ideals out to interest in this way, risking them in the life of the world, they come back to us—they have come back time and time again—with a meaning and a value we did not suspect they had.

We come, then, to a final word. If by chance we are able or willing to be counted in with the servants who put their master's money out to the bankers, there is one further word of the parable on which we need to ponder: "Take therefore the talent from him, and give it to him that hath ten talents." It is little wonder that a bystander exclaimed in a kind of breathless wonder: "Why, Lord, he hath ten talents already!" But this is the law of life—not only that to him that hath shall be given, but to him who is already sensitive to responsibility, desirous of being open-minded and of making the great venture of faith, must be added the share of the irresponsible, the timorous, and the blind.

The inference is clear and impressive: It is quite as solemn a thing to gain as it is to lose. The determination to increase what the Lord hath given is the assumption of a responsibility, even more serious and grave than the man assumed who put his talent in the

ground. If anyone has come to think of truth, not as a tradition to be guarded and handed down, but as a port to be steered for by means of every compass he possesses, and the help of every star that shines in the heaven of his soul, how, for one moment, can he hold his responsibility to be less grave or great? If he has come to think of faith as the venture of the soul by which he "proves all things and holds fast what is good," shall he not also realize that the very greatness of his task is the measure of the sincerity, the devotion, and the enthusiasm with which he must follow that task? Does anyone feel himself free in this infinite world of endeavor, and not also feel throbbing in his heart the sense of sonship which cries out: "Father, I have come to do thy will"?

It is indeed a vaster responsibility to be a friend of God than to be his slave; it is a more serious thing to be allied with the moving forces of the world, than to rest at any fixed point in the development of thought, or the history of the spiritual life. Every draught of freedom is a draught of the responsibility which freedom demands—a responsibility which takes over the tasks of those who fail through idleness or fear, which puts to the bankers what they have buried in the earth, and which interprets into the need of today what they, through the unventuresome faith, are unable to interpret.

Are we ready to have the sentence passed on those who fail, become an added charge of responsibility to us? Can we search our hearts, and make answer to this question?

EATING THE SHEWBREAD

"Have ye not read what David did, when he was an hungered; . . . . how he entered into the house of God, and did eat the shewbread, which was not lawful for him to eat . . . . but only for the priests?"—Matthew 12:3, 4.

II

EATING THE SHEWBREAD

This vagrant act on the part of Israel's most distinguished monarch had, in course of time, become a part of the Davidic legend. It was one of the stories accepted by everybody, and, being accepted, must be explained and justified. The act described precedes his kingship, and the story relates how, coming up hot and hungry, he demanded of the high-priest that he should give him the bread he was carrying in his hands, which happened to be hallowed loaves—the "presence-bread" just freshly prepared for the sanctuary. The practice of placing bread upon a table in the place dedicated to God incidentally discloses to us the kinship of the Hebrew religion with the religions of all other peoples, for it points us to a time when men offered food and drink to the divinity upon the assumption that the divinity partook of what was offered by the suppliant. Perhaps by David's time this primary idea had faded away, and the offering of the presence-bread had now become a pure rite and symbol, suggesting, it may be, nourishment which God gave, rather than nourishment which he required; or quite as likely it had no definite meaning, but was a custom continued by sheer force of habit, all the more imperious and sacred because it could not be explained; for it often happens that people cling most tenaciously to customs for which they can give no rational explanation, and which they can-

not longer connect with reality. The presence-bread was now a part of the ordinary religious observances. At the end of the week fresh bread was prepared, and the bread which had remained upon the presence-table during the preceding week was then divided among the priests in service and eaten by them. David, coming up in hot haste and pretending that he was on business for King Saul which would brook no delay, found the high-priest in the act of making the weekly change of the bread, and, after some parley, succeeded in carrying it off for his own use.

The story evidently made a profound impression, and in due time became part of the Davidic tradition. It would be interesting to trace the process by which the ecclesiastical class came to justify this profanation on David's part; for it had evidently received at length a tacit approval. Everybody had heard how David ate the shewbread, and no one seemed to consider it a very grave sacrilege. So, when Jesus and his disciples walked through the corn-fields on the sabbath, plucked the ears of corn, and ate them to appease their hunger, and were called to task for this profanation of sabbath observance, Jesus, with his customary adroitness, appealed to this story of David eating the hallowed bread. To be sure, some priest might have retorted: "One sacrilege does not justify another." But Jesus knew that no one would parry his thrust in that manner. David's profanation, in the course of time, had somehow got justified and accepted, and all that David did was to give his natural physical hunger

the precedence over a merely ceremonial observance. And this was all the disciples of Christ were doing. They were profaning the sabbath customs, as those customs had been amplified and interpreted. But they were hungry, and hunger came first.

In a superb conclusion of the whole incident, Jesus said: "The son of man is lord even of the sabbath day." Humanity is the master, and not the slave, of the institutions which have sprung up around human life. Man, and not the institution, must be at the top. Man must explain things, and never allow things to explain him. Human need has the right of way—that is the principle on which Christ himself invariably acted; and in the application of this principle he found himself confronting the counter-current which connected sacredness, not with persons, but with forms and customs and institutions.

It certainly simplifies things very much if one can clearly adopt this conclusion of Christ's and consistently apply it. Human hunger and need, human helplessness and welfare—these are primary, and these really sacred. What will most conduce to the growth and welfare of man, who is central among all the customs and institutions which have grown up around him? Certainly it is a most august and inspiring principle; yet not always easy of application, even by the clear-sighted and the conscientious.

But I think we can press still a little closer toward the heart of the subject than this. So once more let us come back to the story of David and the shew-

bread. It is obvious that, in this instance, his hunger had the right of way. And the imperiousness of his hunger seemed to take away the profanation from his act.

It is, however, something more than human need pitted against a sacred rite. It is a kind of unconquerable reality invading the world of form and ceremony, of rite and tradition, and compelling it to give an account of itself. It is a real sanctity challenging an apparent and empty sanctity. There is something strong and masterful and tremendously real in the spectacle of this fearless, unsophisticated youth coming up to the high-priest and halting him, and making the issue there on the spot between the unquestioned reality of his own hunger and that vague, unexplainable something which lay there in the background of a custom which was going on by virtue of its inertia. I should think that, after David had gone off with the shew-bread, the high-priest would have felt like retiring to his room, and, "going over his evidences," asking himself the question, with much searching of heart: "What does this thing that I am doing here really signify? What reality underlies it which I can justify to myself and to other men?"

But whether this high-priest, Ahimilech, the remote official of a primitive religion, asked these questions or not, it is good for us to ask them of ourselves. It is needful to bring our outward and formal religion to the test of a terrible sincerity. Events compel the test, even if we are unwilling to make it for ourselves.

In its great onward movement, humanity is continually making the challenge; and it is a challenge which cannot long go unanswered. Everywhere around us today men are doing what David did—they are eating the shewbread. And it behooves us to ask the question whether time will justify them, as it seems to have justified David, in an act which at first glance seems ruthless and profane. Let us see if this picturesque story of David will suggest an answer in any measure helpful and true.

From the standpoint of our formal and organized religion, it is not uncommon to hear frequent expressions of alarm and fear. Men stand aghast over the secular drift of things; they feel concern over the loss of reverence, the waning of regard for authority, the insecure hold of religious customs and institutions, the sacrilegious treatment of what to other days and other men has seemed venerable and holy.

Now, the question I raise is this: Can such protests and fears as these be wholly genuine and sound until we put them side by side with that protest which represents the counter-drift? Do you say: "I am troubled over the increasing secular drift"? Well, is it not quite as pertinent for another man to say: "I am troubled over the sacred drift"? What I fear is the effectiveness and value of a current which sets off by itself; and if the material and secular current, flowing by itself in one direction, will ultimately cut a man off from one kind of reality, so will a spiritual current, flowing off in a different direction by itself, cut a man

off from reality of another sort. I suppose, then, that with almost equal truth we might say: "I fear the secular drift and I fear the sacred drift. I fear an organization of human life and society which will cut men off from the motives which feed the springs of worship and reverence and aspiration; but I fear just as much an organization of the religious life which exalts acts and customs and forms which have at least no obvious contact with reality, or human need and desire."

Let me give point to this by taking you back once more to the story of David, and reminding you of that lovely incident which sheds its romantic beauty over his youthful life. Shortly after his coronation as the successor of King Saul, he was waging war against the Philistines. He was held in a kind of siege by the Philistine army. He was thirsty and he remembered the taste of the cool, refreshing water from the well of Bethlehem; and he cried out: "Oh, that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem that is at the gate!" Three of his captains heard the king express this wish; and they broke through the Philistine line, at the peril of their lives made their way to Bethlehem, brought water from the well by the gate, and gave it to the king. Then what did David? He would not drink of it, but poured it out to the Lord and said: "My God forbid it me that I should do this thing. Shall I drink the blood of these men that have put their lives in jeopardy, for with the jeopardy of their lives they brought it?"

Put these two acts side by side: David eating the shewbread from the sanctuary and David refusing to drink the water which his loyal followers brought from the well of Bethlehem. You recognize at once the distinction between a true sanctity and a pseudo-sanctity; between a sacrilege which is real, and a sacrilege which is only apparent. There was no real profanation, only a formal profanation in eating the shewbread. But, with a fine and delicate sense, David felt that it would be an act of genuine sacrilege to drink the water which was brought at the peril of his friends. It cost too much. Its equivalent in human effort and devotion was something too precious to be swallowed in a draught to quench his thirst.

There are several vital things which this test of reality, this eating of the shewbread, brings to view. First of all, it is a challenge to religion to justify itself, to keep its own meaning vividly before itself, to be dissatisfied with a merely hereditary survival of forms and customs. It must "prove all things and hold fast that which is good." There is greater peril that religion should obliterate itself than that it should be obliterated by what it fears as hostile counter-forces. There is danger that it will not be able to give an adequate account of itself; that some of its organs will cease to be vital, and some of its parts will lose their function. What do we mean to express by the things we are and do? What was the shewbread for? Suppose David had asked that question of the priest, when

he hesitated to let David have it: "What is the shew-bread for?" I doubt if the priest could have answered the question. He did not know. He could have said that it was sacred; but he did not know why it was sacred. He had forgotten. Everybody had forgotten. It had just gone on being sacred after the thing which gave it sacredness in the first place had been both forgotten and outgrown. Nobody now believed that the bread was there for God to eat. He did not eat bread. But it was still presented to him, and weekly replaced: and the priests ate what was left to prevent waste. If the priest had only been able to say to David, "You cannot have this bread to eat because it is there for God to eat," he would have had a strong and valid reason for refusing David's claim. But the only reason he had was a formal and empty one, which could not hold its own against a pressing human claim.

Do you remember the story of the Russian princess who drove one day into the palace grounds, and saw a rose bush, growing too near the edge of the driveway, so that its branches had been grazed and broken by the passing wheels? On arriving at the palace she directed that a special sentinel should be stationed at the rose bush to protect it—and it was done. In fact, it was so thoroughly done that, years afterward, when the princess and all the people of her time had gone the way of mortal flesh, some other member of the royal family was driving through the palace ground. A sentinel was standing in the same place. It was an unlikely and unnecessary spot for a guard, and after a

while this curious person determined to inquire why a sentinel was stationed at this particular spot. The royal records were searched, and it was found that years before a princess, out of sweet, maidenly love for a beautiful flower, had sent someone to protect it in its helplessness. And the order had never been countermanded. Sentinels came and went. It was now a part of the royal routine. Once started, there was nothing to stop it. And here, for how many years I know not, a soldier in full Russian uniform, with all the authority of the Czar vested in his person, had been protecting the memory of a rose.

Now, suppose someone who with an insatiable desire for asking questions comes to you, who believe in the validity and permanent need of religion, and asks you the question: "What are you standing there for? I do not see anything there that needs protecting or watching. What are you standing on guard for?" We ought to be able to give a better answer than to say we are guarding the place where once a rose bush was.

The primary demand, then, is the demand to be real. If we believe in a thing, we must know why we believe in it. If we perpetuate a movement or an institution, the underlying reasons for that perpetuation and interest should have at least sufficient clearness in our eyes to keep us from the terrible palsy that besets the indifferent and the insincere. If we believe in the religious life, and in a church of some kind as the expression of that religious life, let us be able to give

a reason for the faith that is in us. Do we set forth shewbread in the sanctuary? Let us be able to say why we put it there.

Let us not, however, overlook the fact that the same act or observance or custom may have different meanings to different times, and justly so. The only requirement is that they shall have some meaning based in reality. It did not condemn the shewbread that men had ceased to believe that it was for God to eat. The condemnation was that men did not know that it had any meaning.

There was a time when Christian baptism was held to be so essential a thing that the rite itself almost conferred and sealed the salvation of the soul. And "the fierce Tertullian," as Arnold calls him, taught that no man, sinning after the act of baptism, could hope for salvation.

> Him can no fount of fresh forgiveness lave
> Who sins, once washed by the baptismal wave.

But those crude and literalistic notions have, for the most part, passed away, and to most people baptism remains as a natural and beautiful symbol of consecration to a clean life, or as the dedication of an innocent child to the great household of God into which he comes by birth, with a claim upon the love of the whole family that is in heaven and on earth. It does not condemn the symbol that its former crass and impossible meaning is merged into one more beautiful and reasonable. Its condemnation would lie only in its dogged

and systematic observance, without knowing or caring that it had any meaning beyond the fact that it was commanded and must go on. That would be suicidal to all genuineness and reality.

Men once regarded prayer as a means of besieging the divinity; of exorting from him help which he would not otherwise bestow; of changing the order of events, the laws of the world, the conditions of human experience. Presumably most men now think of prayer as a form of communion with the Highest; as expressive of a sense of fellowship which we have with the Sources of our life; as the vehicle of thoughts and desires and aspirations which are too intimate and tender to find another outlet. We may express in prayer what we may not in ordinary conversation or discourse. Its reality is not challenged by reason of this transformation of its meaning. That condemnation would come to it only on the basis of a wooden observance of it, as something carried in the current of habit, whose meaning we did not even stop to scrutinize. The test of reality, I repeat, therefore is the demand that things shall have a meaning to us.

But the test of reality brings us to another result. For the farther we push into the meaning and sources of the religious life, the more convinced we become that religion always associates itself with human need and welfare, and the more certain we become that the shewbread represents, not the fact that God is hungry

and expects his worshipers to feed him, but that man is hungry and that God is pledged to feed him, and religion is the abiding symbol of that fact.

Do you remember the quaint story of the Godwin Sands? Off the coast of England is this stretch of shoals which the sailors dread. And there are many legends and superstitions as to their origin. One night, in a village tavern of the region, a group of people were discussing the question, and an old sailor, whose memory went back to a time long before the shoals appeared, gave his reason. "'Twas the Tenterton church steeple did it," he insisted. When pressed for an explanation, he went on to say that, years before, there had been a good strong wall built as a barrier against the sea; for mighty storms had swept along that coast, washing away the sandy formation of the bluffs, and the wall was built as a protection against the encroaching sea. Then came long years, and no storms; and finally the bishop of the region, needing stone to complete the parish church, took them from the sea-wall, and the graceful spire went climbing into the heavens. And then the next winter the storms came again, the peasants' lands were washed into the sea—and the dreaded shoals remain till this day; so that it was quite literally true, as the old sailor insisted, that "'twas the Tenterton church steeple did it."

Now, if it should ever really appear that the interests of religion were something apart from the genuine interests and welfare of human life; if it should come to be believed that God wanted an institution, a system-

atic observance of worship on his own account, and for his own sake; if there should ever settle into the general consciousness a conviction that man was being robbed in order that the church steeple might be built, it would doubtless mean at length the obliteration of religion itself. The mere suspicion that this is so, the existence of conditions that lend even a faint color to such an inference, has already resulted in the alienation of multitudes of people who in their own immediate day and generation will probably never be reclaimed.

If there is anything which stands central in the teaching of Christ, it is the doctrine of the essential sacredness of human life, and the conviction that our reverence for God is bound up with our reverence for the life of man, and that we are to abhor as the supreme sacrilege, not the eating of the shewbread, whose symbolism more than likely is forgotten, but the drinking of the water of Bethlehem, which through our blind selfishness might mean the drinking of the blood of human life. No worship can be adequate, however splendid or ornate, however glorious in historic memories, if it means only saying "Lord, Lord." No worship can be unacceptable, however humble or obscure, however devoid of historic precedent, if it means the sincere and faithful and loving effort to do the will of God.

But it is time now to hasten to the conclusion. The special emphasis to which our subject has led us today

may at points seem to join forces with those whose allies we would not willingly be. And I should therefore like to leave the subject at a point where we may see the parting of the roads. I said, at the outset, that everywhere around us today there are men who are eating the shewbread. But some are eating it with their faces looking downward, whence they catch the shadows of the carnal struggle through which man has come; others are eating it with their faces looking upward, whence they catch the light that falls upon them from the heights to which man still has the power to climb. Some are eating the shewbread because in them the power of the spirit has waned, and life has settled down to a dull and hopeless commonplace; others are eating it because in them the might of the spirit still struggles for an expression of human capacity and growth, which their lips do not yet know quite how to frame. And in the incidental confusion the two processions, moving in opposite directions, are confounded together, just as Jesus by his sane and human attitude to life put himself in the way of being called a glutton and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners. And we can readily believe that the wine-bibbers and gluttons would have been quite willing to join with the Pharisees in making the charge. For the truth is that Christ belonged to neither the one class nor the other. So in this mighty struggle which has been going on somewhere through all time, and which is gathering volume and force anew—that struggle which antagonizes the merely sacerdotal interpre-

tation of religion and life—it is easy to say: "This means the downthrow of the priest and his utter annihilation;" whereas it means the supremacy of that great idea of a Scripture-writer who said: "Ye shall all be priests unto God;" for it foretells the elevation of life, and all its work and all its relations and ties, into a sacramental and divine significance. It is easy, again, to say: "This means the downfall of religion and the twilight of the gods;" whereas it means the fulfilment of the sublime prophecy: "They shall teach no more every man his neighbor and every man his brother, saying, 'Know ye the Lord;' for they shall all know me from the least of them unto the greatest of them, and I will put my law in their inward parts, and in their heart will I write it."

And this is the parting of the ways. It is the angle at the cross-roads where Jesus stood when he refused to ally himself with either secularist or ecclesiastic. The eating of the shewbread, which is the demand of religion that it shall at every step disclose its relation with reality, means not the degradation of life to the demand of hunger, the hunger of the brute and the sty; but it means the elevation of life in every range of its reality, until we shall be able to translate its primordial hunger and appetite into the beatitude of the Master: "Blessed are these who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

"THINK ON THESE THINGS"

"If there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things."—Philippians 4:8.

III

"THINK ON THESE THINGS"

It has been repeatedly said in recent years, by those who have been making fresh observation of our human powers in action, that the real freedom of the will consists in our ability to fix the attention on a given object. The mind is a kind of terminal station where the train of impressions and ideas, coming in from the outer world, changes engines and at once hastens back as a train of impulses and reactions upon the outer world. Thus the circuit is complete. And by our conscious power of concentrating the attention on what is taking place—or, to use Paul's phrase, our power "to think on these things"—we largely determine our character.

After a train of thought is established, especially after ideas and impressions are repeated and become fixed in habit, grooving for themselves channels for movement in the nervous system, there is doubtless left to us very little actual freedom. Things then move on in a relentless way, either toward the desired haven or to shipwreck on the rocks. Confirmed habitual action does away with the necessity for free and spontaneous choice. That is what habit is for. It is the great time-saver and the great strength-saver of human life; and, like all good things, the reverse side shows up in an appalling and sinister way. The threads of the splendid tapestry go through to the back side. But it is only the

front that shows color, form, pattern, and beauty of design.

Neither the habitual toper nor the habitually temperate person is quite free. The toper has repeatedly cut off the paths of escape into sobriety; the temperate man has deliberately cut off the paths of escape into intemperance. The habitual thief cannot keep his hand out of the money-till or the pockets of other people. The habitually honest man reaches a point at length where he cannot steal if he would. But goodness and badness tend to become automatic. Every added virtue or vice is ceaselessly forging new bonds of steel for the hands and feet of the soul. Thus is written in the very mechanism of the body the striking saying of Scripture: "With the upright thou wilt show thyself upright, and with the froward thou wilt show thyself froward."

But in the power and act of attention, in the ability to concentrate the inward gaze and to think on these things, we are free. We are all conscious of the ability to fix the mind on the thing with which we are at the moment engaged. And we are equally aware of the facility with which the mind grows inattentive and listless, so that nothing is sharply defined or clearly grasped.

It is easiest, perhaps, to understand the real significance of the power of attention by recalling for a moment some of the familiar illustrations of the opposite thing. How often, for instance, we sit down with a book which demands alertness of mind and concen-

tration of thought, if we are to get the sequence of ideas. We read on and on, sentence after sentence and paragraph after paragraph, when suddenly we realize that we are not following the thought. The eye is reading, but the mind is not. Possibly some suggestion of the book itself opened a switch, and off we went on a side-track. Or it may be that the open window attracted us, or the roar from the distant football field surges in upon us just as we are engaged with a description of the Russian war with the Japanese, so that Port Arthur and Mukden and Marshall Field are all jumbled together in our minds. But presently there comes a moment when we call a halt. We issue mandatory orders to the mind to stop its wool-gathering and attend strictly and solely to the matter in hand. We turn back to the place where we left the main track, and once more ideas begin to assemble and co-ordinate themselves with one another. The field of vision, that was blurred, grows clear and distinct, just as when you sharpen the focus of the lens in the camera.

The old-time preachers used frequently to begin their sermons by saying: "Brethren, I ask your undivided attention to the subject contained in the text." And well they might, for any man may naturally be jealous of the scant thirty minutes once or twice a week offered him for conveying ideas and proclaiming a message which confessedly has importance enough for people to come together to hear. And it is easy to appreciate the clever artifice of the preacher who, mid-

way in his discourse, suddenly proceeded to give the boundaries of the United States. "Atlantic Ocean, Gulf of Mexico, Pacific Ocean"—that was doctrine unfamiliar enough to wake the soundest sleeper in the pews; after which, in due order, the Calvinistic theology went on to the end. But the device was sound; for to grasp even the *Institutes* of Calvin one must bring the tribute of an attentive mind.

Not long since I experienced some rather mingled sensations in listening to a sermon built upon the principle of the merry-go-round, with convenient and frequent stops for getting on or off—points where the discourse was interrupted by some diverting or trivial anecdote, contrived for the obvious purpose of arousing the lagging attention of the audience. And I felt all the more keenly that really serious discourse deserves to be rather like an express train, from which if you got off you could not get on, and from which, when once really on, you could not get off, and which ought to be able to make its terminal without the aid of sleeping-cars.

But lest even this digression shall seem to be of the sort described, let us come back at once to the thought we are considering—namely, that in our manifest power to fix the attention, to put our minds to an idea, or a train of impressions, we are free. In the use of that power we determine what we shall be. And inasmuch as these multitudes of disorganized impressions, which throng the highways of our senses, were meant to be organized by the mind, and to issue forth

in the form of acts and deeds, it follows that our practical efficiency in life, the thing we do, the manner of our doing it, and the value of the thing done, all come back at last to the use we make of our powers of concentration, upon how we "think on these things."

Nothing is more instructive as a clue in education than to observe how, with all the hungry and eager aptitudes of his mind, a boy will watch a man at work doing something that the boy thinks he too would like to do. He will leave his dinner untasted on the table to watch the umbrella-mender on the porch, or the plumber in the kitchen, or the carpenter with his tools, or the blacksmith shoeing a horse; and his little fingers will just itch to get hold of the tools and help. It is simply joy to a boy to let him help when something is going to be done.

I chanced to see the other day, in the hands of a youngster of my acquaintance, a new and evidently home-made type of pop-gun. A spool, a rubber band, a little twine, a plunger whittled out rudely—and there was an implement of which neither Krupp nor Gatling need be ashamed. When I questioned this same youngster as to the origin of the weapon, I received this laconic but philosophical reply: "I saw another boy have one. I looked at it a minute. I thought I could make one like it, and I did."

Now, where can you find a more condensed formula of the whole meaning of life than that boy's reply? "I saw"—observation through the powers that connect us with the outer world. "I looked at it"

—undivided, voluntary, and critical attention. "I made one like it"—the conversion of the idea into a new reality, a personal act. And that is all there is to it; that is all there is to it for any of us: "I saw; I looked at it; I did it." And the point where we make our personal contact and determine the character of the result is the point where we look at a thing. It is there and then that we give our mind to it. That is the way in which we "think on these things."

The practical bearing of this on the formation of character is so obvious that it hardly needs further emphasis. Here is the impressive fact that in this continuous circuit we are ever following—the circuit which begins with the things we perceive, the impressions we receive, and which ends with the thing we do and become—there is one point where we are unmistakably a determining agent in the result. There is one supreme and critical moment where we have our hand upon the lever and dictate the movement of the train.

Today, it may be, you are under sudden provocation to use for your own benefit, and in hope of gain, funds which are in your hands as a trust. That provocation is not of your choosing. You are, perhaps, in no respect responsible for the temptation. It was simply swept along your way, and the wreckage is thrown up by the tide at your feet. And it may be that next week or next year you will again not be responsible directly for what you are and do then. You will be in the resistless current of a strong, upright

character, made up of countless single choices; or of a corrupt character, resulting from numberless wrong choices. But today, at this moment, you can decide and choose. You can so focus this provocation which comes your way as to see it more clearly. You can fix your mind upon it. You can "think on" this thing. You can estimate it in the light of its consequences; and, with your firm hand upon the lever, you can hold the train to the right of way upon the main track.

I confess that there seems to be an element of irony in facing a man who has become a confirmed criminal, a moral reprobate, a habitual sot, and saying to him: "You need not be what you are. You can turn around and walk the upward path." But there is no irony—only sober and sobering truth—in saying: "There was one moment when you did not think on these things. There was a passing instant when it was in your power to focus the lens—to let your mind grasp the significance of things in their entirety. There was one moment when you, a free man, came into the situation with your freedom. And that moment you did not use aright." "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report—if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

But we need now to take one step further. For there would be no freedom and no significance in fix-

ing attention on a given object, unless an alternative were offered us—some power of choice, some opportunity for rejection. Therefore at this point we stumble on the important matter which our teachers of today describe as the power of "selective attention." It is through the exercise of this power that we get such wide ranges, and so many varieties of character. We become finally like the type of things we continually attend to and select, just as our next-door neighbor tends constantly to grow toward the type of things which we deliberately reject.

That admirable artist and author, the elder Gibson, relates a conversation which he had with a dapper young man who had just returned from a mountain-climb at Conway, aglow and exultant. He had "done it" in two hours, and was the lion of the occasion on free exhibition to an admiring circle of hotel guests and friends. The interview is quite worth relating in Mr. Gibson's inimitable manner. Anticipating the same climb himself on the following day, he thus questioned the hero of the afternoon:

"Is there a fine view on the other side of the mountain?"

"Oh, yes."

"What are its particular features."

"Well, I don't remember just what—er—er—mountains and so forth."

"What sort of a path?" queried I further, getting down to hardpan.

"Oh, nice and shady nearly all the way."

"Mostly hard-wood trees, I presume?"

"Yes, er—er—principally white birch, and er—some spruce."

After each reply he would come to a dead pause and gaze fondly at his pedometer.

In point of fact, as I afterward discovered, the white-birch growth consisted of a single tree near the summit, almost the only solitary birch in sight of the path, which was embowered for miles with beautiful maples and great smooth beeches, besides numerous aspens, poplars, mountain-ash, and spruces. The birch tree in question was a huge gnarled veteran, in color as glaring as a whitewashed sign-board, and in further simulation scarred with sculptured names and hieroglyphics, among which were the newly engraved initials of our friend. In all his tramp it seems he had not seen a single flower. He could remember some whortleberries and raspberries, while the only bird he was enabled to recall was a "bright scarlet fellow"—a tanager, of course—bright and fiery enough to have burned a hole in the memory of an imbecile. The whortleberries and raspberries had appealed to another sense more highly cultivated and susceptible; and it was doubtless the same tireless craving of those precious jaws that led to the discovery of a spruce tree by the lump of chewing-gum upon its baited trunk.

And if you are interested to learn with what eyes Mr. Gibson himself made the same mountain-climb, what he saw, and how he has recorded it, I must refer you to his most charming book, upon *Highways and Byways*—and perhaps you will come away from reading it, as I often have, with those Old Testament words disclosing, by way of contrast, a new application to your mind: "Eyes have they, but they see not; ears have they but they hear not." It is, moreover, an admirable illustration of the power of selective attention and its results. For one may easily imagine that this same young man would go on through life—probably he is alive somewhere now—and never see any-

thing that the artist saw, never catch sight of the vision or feel the joy of those more subtle impressions which thronged the path he trod on that summer afternoon, and which throng every highway and byway of our wonderful world.

Now, this leads us straight to a very striking and important conclusion. It leads us to this conclusion: Our world is just what we make it—just as large or small, just as good or bad, as we make it through the things that we habitually attend to and select. No mistake is greater than the mistake of supposing that we all live in the same kind of world. It is true only in the most external and superficial sense.

You have only to look a little below the surface to see how this uniform and unaltering world breaks up into variety and difference. Suppose you are riding to town on the morning train: That man in the seat beside you, his face hidden behind the morning paper, is a conspirator against law and order. It may be he is an expert counterfeiter, and someone's name will be forged on a check today. Or perhaps he has in his pocket ten thousand dollars of which he is the trustee, and which he is going to risk as a flyer in the stock market. Or perhaps he is a contractor just on his way to order a cheaper construction for a building, the contract for which, requiring work and material of the first quality, he has just signed; or he is on his way to join a gang of cheap burglars; or to get the bribe promised him for the delivery of his vote at the last election. There are many kinds of conspiracy against

law and order. But there is a certain element in common. Through the power of selective attention, through the giving-heed to certain motives and appeals, and through the stamping of these into indelible acts, these men have been building up their world. They see certain things with fatal clearness. They respond to a definite order of impressions, and with unseeing eyes they move through the world which constitutes the joy and strength and satisfaction of other men.

Now, it may be that to your neighbor opposite you in the same car the civilization of our mighty modern world has opened new incentives and new avenues for choosing the good and for building up a larger world. He will do something today to counsel for righteousness, to stem the tide of corruption. He will stand for honesty in private life and public act. He will swear to his own hurt and change not. He will remember that there are things in this world that are honorable, and lovely, and true, and of good report, and he will think on these things, and thinking on them he will make them his own. His world will widen, and its sky will lift; he will grow greater in stature, and, as the old prophet has it, "he will stand upon his feet, and God will speak to him." And at length, through the confirmation of these alternatives into choice and deed, he too will go through the world with unseeing eyes, blind to the things that corrupt and degrade, and that make a man dead at heart.

A man's world is just as large as he makes it—just what he makes it. As he thinketh in his heart—down

in that laboratory of personal choices and decisions—so is he.

I shall claim just a moment longer in order to ask you to connect with the train of thought we have been following one further word from this same apostle Paul, who, writing in a remote antiquity, seems always to be stumbling upon ideas which modern thinking is making fresh and vital for us again. In an earlier passage of this letter to the Philippians, so full of tender and noble sentiment, he writes: "Let this mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus."

There have been many definitions of what it really means to be a Christian. It has meant the acceptance of the body of Christian doctrine; or association with the historic Christian church; or the emotional experience of sin, with its corresponding acceptance of redemption in the name of Christ. But in many a varied form this first great Christian writer frequently declares that it consists in having the mind of Christ.

What a scope and vision of life such words disclose to us! To have the mind of one who, through an expanding experience, based upon the choice of the best and greatest things of life, has built around him a great and growing world! To have the mind of the myriad-minded Shakespeare—what would that not mean in the appreciation of the scope of human life, of its tragedy and comedy, its sorrow and joy! To have the mind which can open to us such a world of tone and its undreamed-of possibility as that of Richard

Wagner—how full of meaning it is! To have the mind of a Gladstone, which should grapple with world-problems and grasp the significance of a world-civilization—what possibilities of human achievement it suggests!

And to have the mind of Christ; to see things steadily and see them whole, as he saw them; to focus the whole field of life so that you see in one vision the glory of the earth and of the distant heavens; perceive the relation of things in their universal aspects; feel your heart throbbing with the new values of truth, of righteousness, of love; behold the glory of the face of the Father, in the new meaning of all the common things and the familiar relationships of daily life; to have the mind that actuated and controlled that One who for a few years dwelt among us, full of grace and truth—this is a greater experience, and a greater education, than to possess the literature of Shakespeare, the music of Wagner, and the statesmanship of Gladstone combined. Moreover, just as having the mind of Shakespeare would mean to see men and the vast field of human life as he saw it; just as having the mind of Wagner would mean to experience the profound enrichment of musical expression as he perceived it; and just as having the mind of Gladstone would be the widening of our political horizons and the perception of world-history in its making; so having the mind of Christ—does it mean aught else than giving heed to those things, and, through giving heed, more and more choosing those things, that are

abiding and universal—wholly human because wholly worthy; the things which give height and breadth and cubic capacity to human life?

Shall we not agree with Paul that we must go to this great Schoolmaster to learn the true value of the best things of life; to learn the truest meaning of the things that are true and honorable and of good report; and, then, "to think on these things" until they become wholly ours?

THE SPIRIT WITHIN THE WHEELS

"And the wheels were lifted up over against them: for the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels."—Ezekiel 1:20.

IV

THE SPIRIT WITHIN THE WHEELS

Symbolism like this is so remote from our own habits of expression that I have no wish to entangle you in its toils; certainly no inclination to go guessing its meaning part by part. We may, however, attempt to seize the central idea—to pluck the blossom, as it were, which opens out of this strange lotus plant of the imagination.

From the curious movements, and fantastic lights and colors, of this weird vision there seems then to come a lesson to the people of today. The lesson we may learn is this, that in the intricate movement of the world's life, in the interplay of its countless wheels of activity, its industry and art, its labor and play, its education and commerce, its political and social growth, its groups of families and friendships—within all this movement, giving to it meaning and direction, there is a spirit, and "the spirit of the living creature is in the wheels."

Let us not pretend that Ezekiel saw spread out before his vision a panorama of the world as we see it spread out before our own eyes today. He would not have comprehended it, had he seen it. No one comprehends it. It is too vast and awful. It is our perplexity, and sometimes our despair. But Ezekiel belonged in the great company of the seers and poets. And these men have had a tenacious hold upon the

moral threads which run through the labyrinth of life, and almost without exception have been persuaded that within this outward spectacle of life there is a divine idea, and, that running through it and controlling it, there is a divine meaning and plan. They have felt the commotion of our unresting life, the clamor of interests, and the confusion of tongues. They have heard the whirring of the wheels; but they have also seen the spirit of the living creature in the wheels.

The question for us, therefore, is whether we ourselves can live in the strength of the conviction in which such men as these have lived. As we dwell among the multiplying interests and claims of life, as we see the machinery of life increasing, and feel the tremendous inpact of the outward bulk and body of life, can we at the same time keep steady enough to see the purpose that is shaping it? Can we go down tomorrow to the center of the city's life, where the very earth trembles with the revolving of the wheels, and can we there see the spirit of the living creature in the wheels? Can we do the visible work of life, and perform with diligence and thrift and energy its appointed tasks, and yet "live as seeing Him who is invisible"?

These are some of the questions which we have to help each other to answer; questions that haunt one's dreams, and lie heavy on one's heart, so momentous are they, and so mightily do they press to the forefront of our life.

But before we can plunge into these questions more

fully, we must stop for a word of explanation; and that explanation may mean the burning of a bridge or two behind us. There is a remarkable volume by the lamented Sabatier, the title of which indicates a distinction I wish to make. Sabatier writes upon *The Religions of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit.* Now, whenever any fact or question touching religion is raised, we are likely to think at once of those things which are grouped around our ecclesiastical institutions and which grow out of them. Through the course of centuries the Christian church has gathered to itself a certain prestige and authority. Out of it have come influential theologies, interpretations of God, codes of conduct, regulations of life; so that in one aspect of the matter the Christian church represents a religion of authority. Now, the essential counterpart of authority is obedience; and it is for this reason that the religious spirit has so often been interpreted in terms of implicit docility and obedience.

At the bedtime hour, the other night, my boy and I were reading together a chapter from the *Jungle Book.* You remember the night when the camel got scared, and waked up the troop horses, and the battery mules, and the gun bullocks, and the elephants so that they lay awake all night talking to each other, and giving their views of things in general. What delightful animal-talking it is! But it all comes to a conclusion which I am sure must voice Mr. Kipling's ideas about the authority of empire. For you know how it says that the mule, and the horse, and the elephant obey

their drivers, and the driver his sergeant, and the sergeant his lieutenant, and the lieutenant his captain, the captain his major, the major his colonel, the colonel his brigadier, and the brigadier his general, who obeys the viceroy, who is the servant of the empress—"thus it is done."

And thus, indeed, it is done, both in matters of empire and in matters of religion, wherever the underlying assumption is that the life of man must at every point be regulated and controlled. Through an ascending hierarchy the principle of authority and obedience is exercised, from the gun bullock to the empress, from the private in the ranks to the general-in-chief, from the layman at the confessional to the Holy Father issuing mandates and pardons from the pontifical throne. By a resistless logic, a religion of authority, or an empire of authority, forces the human elements apart and rearranges them upon this underlying principle of regulation and control.

You doubtless will recall scattered allusions in the Old Testament from the lips of the men who had taken in hand the religious tutelage of the people—allusions to a remote time when men "did that which was right in their own eyes." Now, to a man who has the instinct for the government and control of other men, it seems somewhat abhorrent that men should be left to do that which is right in their own eyes. It seems like anarchy in politics, and like undue freedom in religion. Things must not be left to go that way. They must be so ordained that the things which men

do, both in civil and religious matters, may be directed by a superior wisdom and an accredited authority.

That is precisely what happened to the people of Israel in the reign of Josiah, when the remarkable book of Deuteronomy was discovered in the temple and became the basis of such radical reforms. The deuteronomic code represents a stage in national and religious progress when the prophetic group, always earnest and intent on raising the spiritual level, and on extirpating idolatry and its accompaniments, believed that this would be done only by taking the whole life of the people more firmly in hand, and by regulating the religious life by breaking down every local shrine and centralizing the entire function of religion in the temple at Jerusalem. It was a master-stroke. It accomplished great good. But it also set in motion a train of influences which in the end wrought much incidental evil. For it was the wedge which drove farther and farther apart the distinction between church and state, between clergy and laity, between sacred and secular, between the natural and the supernatural.

Everywhere and always, the aim of religion has been to interpret, either in a theory or in actual experience, the relation of God to the world. Even in remote times men had some sense of this relationship, and they tried to express and interpret it. They "groped after God, if haply they might find him." In various symbolical ways we find men trying to set forth this relationship between God and the world. In the earliest forms of religion we find the altar, but frequently—

perhaps we might say almost invariably—at this remote period the altar, with its sacrifice, expresses not the idea of expiation, but the idea of fellowship—the feeling that one must somehow share his actual and natural life with the Great Power above him. Is it his good fortune to slay a bullock, or a lamb from the flock, in order that his family and himself may feast with rejoicing? Then his first impulse is to share this good fortune with his God. Therefore he offers a portion of the meat as a sacrifice on the altar. It is an expression of gratitude and of fellowship. Does he drink from the fruit of his vineyard, the wine that maketh glad the heart of man? Then again must he pour out a portion of the wine as an oblation to God, in order that God may share these good things, and that he may express his own sense of thankfulness to the Power which co-operates with him in all his life and his toil. There is doubtless some surviving reminiscence of this early expression of religious life in certain of our own customs, notably those festal occasions which have come down to us from an antiquity too remote to compute. Our Thanksgiving festival is, of course, only the continuation of the Harvest festival which is as old as man. And even in the year of our Lord 1905 we load our tables with good things to eat, invite in our friends, and give ourselves up to the festival spirit. Even our grim Pilgrim forefathers, who instituted the feast in its present form, brought in an abundant supply of wild turkeys, feasted at their own tables and were doubtless in no condition to attend

divine service when the meal was over. Yet this very act of eating, of enjoying what is eaten, and of consciously participating with the giver of all good by an actual offering of a portion of the food—all this was itself a kind of "religious service" in the earliest expressions of religious life. But in all this there was no special regulation of the religious life, no ritualizing of it. There was no distinction between clergy and laity. Every household was a unit, and each father was a priest. There was little distinction between natural and supernatural, and still less between secular and sacred. "Every man did that which was right in his own eyes." Religion was the spontaneous and natural expression of those emotions which connect human life with the dimly understood powers all around it and above it, interacting in all the fertility of the earth, and in all the labor of human life. If anybody, living in primitive days, had possessed the tropical imagination of Ezekiel, he might have said, as he thought about the divine relation to his own little unexplored world, and to his own very crude and simple life: "The spirit of the living creature is in the wheels. God is in all my life, and the most I can do is to give some simple expression to the fact that we share this life with him." Indeed, every primitive altar is the focus of such expression. If you need an indubitable witness to the general human feeling about religion and sacrifice in its primitive expression, turn back to the book of Genesis and read the statement which the compiler of a later time—after the religious

and the secular, the natural and the supernatural, had been differentiated to a good degree—did not think it necessary to omit from the narrative. We read there that after the flood, when there was no one on the earth but Noah and his family, the patriarch, as his first act after disembarking, built an altar, and took of every clean beast and fowl, and made an offering on the altar; and when the Lord smelled a sweet savor, he vowed that he would never again curse the ground for man's sake. It was a sacrifice in which man shared with his God. The sweet savor of the sacrifice was agreeable to both.

Therefore, let me repeat, in the remote days, when every man did that which was right in his own eyes, when every household had its father-priest, and every altar was the place where man gave material expression to his gratitude and his fellowship with the divine power, when the great antitheses which control man's later life had not consciously arisen, men could say implicitly, even though they never dreamed of the words: "The spirit of the living creature is in the wheels:" the life of God is in man's life, and in all the life of the fruitful and joyous earth.

We come then to the transition point, the hinge upon which so much of human history turns. It is a point full of significance and interest. The very moment that the religious life of man gets organized as an independent and formal affair; the moment that a class of men comes into existence, whose aim is to control and regulate religion, to centralize and formu-

late it, so that they may keep their hand upon it, there begins to fade away this certainty that the spirit of the living creature is in the wheels. The spirit disentangles itself from the earthly routine. The supernatural is something which sits high above the natural. The sacred is something which must be enshrined and kept apart, and not confused with the outward and secular flow. The guarding of the sacred things and the interpretation of the divine mysteries must be intrusted to a special class of men set apart, with authority to direct the great body of mankind. Thus the distinction between the clergy and the laity becomes a momentous event in man's history; and with that distinction the age-long struggle begins between the church and the state—the interests of the religious life, on the one hand, and of the political, civil, and social life of mankind, on the other.

When those great and good men of King Josiah's time set in motion a reform which broke down every local shrine, extirpated the old patriarchal religion root and branch, concentrated everything in the temple at Jerusalem, and gave to religion an official cast, they doubtless did not realize that one day a greater prophet than themselves would arise, who would find in all this officialism a heavy yoke, and who would aim to undo the centralizing and regulating tendencies which they now set in motion. At a time when religion seemed imperiled by crude idolatries, the prophetic guild said: "We must set it apart by itself; we must purify and exalt it; we must do this in order to save religion."

But Jesus began at the opposite end. In order to save man from the weight of a religious officialism which had become a heavy yoke about his neck, he said: "We must decentralize religion and free its spirit. Come unto me, for my yoke is easy and my burden is light." In the very effort to save religion, the prophets instituted a movement which at last made religion an end in itself. Man was made for religion, and not religion for man. God was not in the world. He was only in the temple, mediated through the religious function. No longer was the spirit of the living creature in the wheels.

Now, against this background of history we are able to see more clearly the meaning of some of the significant tendencies of our own day. This ancient symbolism comes back to us, to interpret what is going on around us everywhere. There are many things which cease to puzzle and perplex us the moment we get them related to the main drift, the Gulf Stream of the large movement of events.

Let us suppose for a moment that, at the crucial point of Hebrew history to which we have referred, the prophetic school, aware of the real corruptions which had grown up under the ancient and patriarchal religion, instead of trying to counteract those evils by centralizing religion, and controlling it thus, making it a thing by itself, had been able to say: "Religion is not a thing by itself. It is a part of the whole life. It is the natural, spontaneous, and joyous expression of

every real experience of life. God is indeed in his world. His spirit is in all its activities, in all the fruitfulness of earth, in all the labor of man. These corruptions do not grow out of this close identification and this familiar fellowship. They grow rather out of an inversion of values. Instead of lifting the entire life of earth and man up into its higher meaning in the life of God, you have brought God down into the lower meanings, the unworthier aspects, of the world. You have made God really secular. Try now to make the world divine." To assume that the prophets might have said this is to forget the slow onmoving of history. It is to ask too much, even of the highest spiritual development of the sixth century before the Christian era.

But this is the very question that is now at last asking itself. This is the issue that is pending in the world where we live, and in the life of which we are participants. The decentralizing of religion is going on more rapidly than we are aware.

Now, does the decentralizing of religion mean its decay, its reversion to the condition out of which the prophets aimed to save it? Or does it mean its revivification, its release into a wider domain than it has ever yet controlled?

Doubtless the only answer to this question is that it means both things. Every crisis introduces elements of peril as well as new possibilities of advance. In the breaking-up of authority, in the weakened grasp of dying sanctions, many men today are becoming irre-

ligious, losing entirely the sense of the meaning and place of religion. But the same crisis opens to other men vistas of hope and promise such as never have been so wide or so fair.

And it is of this latter possibility that I wish to say one further word. Let us interpret to ourselves, if we can, the movement which is sweeping us all along in its current.

I read, not long since, some reminiscences from Dr. John Watson, better known to us as "Ian McLaren," in the course of which he seemed to speak with a measure of regret that he was compelled to regard himself as a layman who by the force of circumstances had been drawn into the ministry of the church. He seemed to think that by nature and instinct he was a layman rather than a clergyman, and that it would have been better for his ministry if he had been a real clergyman and not a layman, engaged in the work of preaching. Now, what Dr. Watson refers to with some timidity and regret is just the thing which, it appears to me, we are bound to hail with joy and hope. It is precisely one more note which evinces the decentralizing of religion. The Christian minister is a layman engaged in the work of preaching. He is simply a human being set apart to do the work to which his aptitudes and ideals call him; set apart, we might better say, by reason of those aptitudes and ideals. There is no magic in his ordination; no lifting-out of the human sphere or of the common work of all men; no gift of authority to speak or to guide. It

is simply the dedication to one little branch of the common human toil and service.

It is the correlate of this fact which is of even greater significance. For if the minister is nothing more than a layman, doing a special branch of the common work, then every other person in the world is nothing less than a priest, a minister, a divine interpreter in his own chosen field of work. If in the real and final sense there is no actual distinction between the sacred and the secular, it is not because, official and authoritative religion having waned, things have slumped back into the slough of the secular, but because the ministers and servants of those fields once regarded secular have begun to see in their life and their work new aspects and mightier potencies of the divine. The spirit is once more beginning to move these mighty wheels of life.

Let us then not confound things that are often easily confounded. Let us keep a clear head and a steady vision as we look out on life. Let us remember that the fate of the church as one organized expression of religion does not decide the fate of the religious spirit itself. The church might totally disappear and religion still be alive. Indeed, some aspects and functions of the church are visibly disappearing. It must lose its officialism. It must abandon its monopoly of any special territory of life. It must surrender its prerogative of regulation and control. It must do all this in order that it may remain as a center of inspiration and

inward leadership. It must die to itself in order that it may live. For my own part I have no fear that the church will disappear, nor that its higher and vital functions will perish. But it will be transformed. It is being transformed before our eyes. And the day of its transformation will be also the day of its victory. When it comes clothed with no commission except the commission to inspire, to illumine, to clarify the field of life, and to help co-ordinate its activities and spheres of service, then it will speak with its most commanding and convincing message.

But, whatever happens to the church as the organized expression of religion, the spirit of religion at any rate survives. The hour cometh, and long ago was, when neither at Jerusalem nor on Mount Gerizim man could worship the Father; for He is spirit and receives worship in spirit and in truth. The hour cometh, and now is, for the reinstitution of the local shrine, which the prophets demolished because it had become corrupt. But the local shrine must be in the heart of each man's life and each man's work. The altar must be builded in the home and in the shop, in the vineyard and in the field, in the studio of art and at the bench of the artisan. Once more, God must be made known to us in the breaking of bread. All life, all love, all work and service, is a fragment of the universal life, and in the consciousness of sharing every worthy thing with him we bring our oblations of gratitude—gratitude that we are alive, and that we can work and serve. "Ye are all priests unto God."

Believe that with all your hearts; see clearly what it means; feel the force and the bearing of it in all the work you are yourselves doing; and once more these wheels that seem to have stopped, this intricate machinery of the world which seems to have grown still, and of which sometimes you feel moved to say with hushed breath, "God is no longer here"—all this will begin to revolve. "For the spirit of the living creature is in the wheels."

THE CITY THAT HATH FOUNDATIONS

"He looked for the city which hath the foundations, whose builder and maker is God."—Hebrews 11:10.

V

THE CITY THAT HATH FOUNDATIONS

There is something profoundly touching in this reference to that remote and shadowy figure, coming up from the land of the Chaldees to be the founder of a nation. Abraham is too dim a personage to be grasped securely by the historic sense. He is remote and elusive. Yet out of this prehistoric cloudland he comes, walking on, to abide in the memory and tradition of an influential race, and to be cherished in their subsequent history as "Father Abraham." He comes at last to be almost a mythical personage, just as Washington and Lincoln are already envisaged through the myth-making atmosphere of the more modern time. There is a certain grandeur and dignity about the figure thus clothed in poetry and romance. And possibly in this atmosphere certain generic and essential things are more perfectly discovered than is possible in the realistic presence of the individual himself. At any rate, it was a poetic mind, laying hold of broad generic traits, which was able, in a word or two, to sketch a figure at once so appealing and so heroic. He tells us that this man Abraham dwelt in tents all his days, lived the shepherd's life—nomadic, unsettled, incomplete; yet out of great, prophetic, far-seeing eyes he looked for the city which had the foundations, whose builder and maker was God.

This sketch, drawn with such deftness and pre-

cision, becomes a prophetic picture of humanity itself —of its hopes, its dreams, its visions, its ideals, and its long wandering, through the temporary and unsettled life, toward the permanent and the eternal. It is a picture of every man who has caught sight of something on before, whose soul is already too great for its environment, and who is in his own person the evidence that "God hath put eternity in the heart of men."

Let us therefore take this portrait as the prophetic picture of man moving on toward his goal, reaching out toward the destiny that is ever on before. With all its hope and its pathos, its sense of incompletion and its vision of the perfect and complete, with its pain over present failure and its bounding joy in the prospect of coming triumph, let us follow it on, as though we were reading the story of ourselves.

Let us at the start note the successive stages in the description of this figure of heroic mold, and observe how they stand out as human types. There are four of these stages on which we shall need to pause: First, he went out, not knowing whither he went. Second, he dwelt in tents. Third, he might have had opportunity to return. Fourth, he looked for the city which hath foundations. Whether we apply these things to truth looked at as the theory and inner framework of life, or to truth realized in institutions, laws, social customs, and relations, they all describe the inherent qualities of the kind of man of whom Abraham was a type. Let us see if this is not the case.

"He went out, not knowing whither he went." Does any man who really commits himself to the love of truth and the pursuit of it, and its continuous application to human need, know whither he is going? Does he know in advance, in detailed and specific form, what he is going to hold to be true ten or twenty or fifty years hence? He does know that he trusts the truth. He believes that life is undergirded with reality He is sure that "the everlasting arms are beneath him." He sets forth as the traveler sets forth on the voyage, folded in by the boundless deep and by the sky that closes round on every side, sure that there is a port on the other side, and that in due season he will make the port.

What ecclesiasticism has often interpreted as faith is a certification in advance of all the things that can be known. But, to the religious sense, faith has always meant the spirit of trust, a confident commitment to the world as it is, discovery of truth in the progressive experience of life. Faith always goes forth not knowing whither it goes, just to the degree that it has confidence in the reasonableness and goodness of the world, and of the life that moves upon it.

Perhaps we shall clarify this thought somewhat if we look at it for just a moment in the light of one of the most suggestive sayings attributed to Christ: "Abraham saw my day and was glad." Now, those words may be interpreted as a piece of supernatural clairvoyance, or as a suggestive formula for the entire spiritual evolution of a race, reading its inner movement and pur-

pose in the light of its fulfilment. If one insists upon a mechanical inspiration, a sort of puppet figure worked by unseen wires upon the stage of history, he may allow himself to believe that this man Abraham looked steadily forward and saw the end from the beginning, beheld the figure of the Christ, and knew from the outset that he was the culmination of his own initial act and faith. But, were so crude and mechanical a theory tenable in thought, it has at least no corresponding verification in the actual history of the people whose long and varied experience is indubitably written in the records. Abraham stands there as the initial force in a world-wide historic movement which was to sweep on and on until it came to a culmination of which he could not have dreamed, of which he did not have the material for forming even an approximate idea. Yet, because he came out of the Chaldean darkness following the glimmering ray of light which was to brighten to the perfect day, because he stands there as the father of a great people through whom great faiths and hopes were to be born, and because the little beam of light he shed was to widen and brighten until its diverging rays should fall full and splendid on the shining figure of the Son of man, it may be said, in the spirit of finest prophecy: "He rejoiced to see Christ's day and was glad."

It is a well-recognized principle that the last step in a given series of development explains all the steps which lead up to the last. "The real nature of a growing thing," Aristotle said long ago, "is to be dis-

covered only in its matured character." Man is the goal, and so the explanation of the long creaturely development leading up to man. Explain him, and you have explained the forms and types of life which precede him. The last term is the explanatory term. In its light you see light, backward over the path along which the procession of life has moved. The genesis of anything is explained in the light of its fulfilment and goal. You can explain the smaller and more rudimentary thing by means of the larger and more perfect thing; but you cannot turn the process round about. "The whole creation groaneth," Paul said, "waiting for the revealing of the sons of God." And when the sons of God appeared upon the scene, when in due time man actually arrived, this whole groaning, unfulfilled, expectant creation might have given as the profoundest explanation of itself: "We rejoice to see Man's day, and are glad."

Thus it was that Abraham saw the day of Christ; saw it not as a puppet pulled by the wires of a divine showman behind the scenes, but saw it as a man walking forth with a man's sublime courage, following the light, trusting that each step would be an onward one—going forth not knowing whither he went.

And that is the picture of the sublime moments and the holy meaning of our human life, and of our ceaseless quest for the eternal goods. In the big, vital, venturesome sense, that is not Faith which sets forth with some little Baedecker's guide, seeing just the things that are set down in the book, smiling approval

at the things smiled on in the successive paragraphs, and seeing the world as a party of Cook's tourists sees it; but that is Faith which sets forth with instruments of discovery, and with the soul of the explorer, expecting to find that things in this outlying world will match the expectations and the assurances that are in the heart. If you go on that kind of a journey, you may not always stop at the best hotels; you may perchance have at times to eat of a crust and to sleep beneath the stars. You will not always find it written down just what judgment you are to pass on a painting by Raphael, or a fragment of Phidias. But you will learn that there are more things in the world than have got into the books, and by degrees you will discover that there is great joy and satisfaction in making discoveries and forming your own judgments, and seeing things for yourselves. I have known people who have gone through Europe on a bicycle, and who could not, after such an experience, be tempted into a personally conducted tour. I have no doubt there are advantages in being personally conducted. There are emergencies when it becomes a necessity. But Abraham was not personally conducted: "He went forth, not knowing whither he went."

The next thing we read concerning him is that "he dwelt in tents all his days." Think of it! This man, who had the vision of a city with strong and beautiful buildings, resting on immutable foundations; a city through whose gates should pour throngs of busy and

happy people; a city into which should come the noblest products of human industry and skill; a city where there should be co-operation, and the sense of society which means more to us all than we know—this man, looking for a city, never dwelt in one; saw it only in imagination and hope. He lived the unsettled and wandering life of a shepherd chief.

Now, do you see anything in that which corresponds to the noble but pathetic experience of human life? Does it not tell you the story of what the bravest and best souls of our human race have found fulfilled in their experience time and time again? Can you not look back over the pages of history and read the names of those who have dreamed dreams, and seen visions, and looked forth with great longing for saner and fairer conditions of life; for a better chance and an ampler opportunity; for more liberty, more knowledge, more justice, more human good-will and fellowship, and who, because they have seen these things and greeted them from afar, have made sacrifices, given of their strength, their thought, their time—poured out their heart's best blood in order that future generations might actually possess that which they put their arms about and drew to their great hearts as intangible and elusive dreams?

"And they died," this writer says at the end of his splendid story; "they died, not having obtained the promise, because without us they could not be made perfect." Ah, my friends, this is the long, pathetic story of the sublime human effort. The fathers dwelt

in tents in order that the children might dwell in the city which they saw and loved. The fathers laid the enduring foundations in order that the children might go to school and college and start with a better equipment. The exiled fathers crossed the seas in order that coming generations might fare on with freedom from oppression and in liberty of body and of soul. They saw the city, but they dwelt in tents.

There is nothing which so stamps life at once with sublimity and with pathos as this continuing power and willingness to live in the incomplete, while our eyes look forward to better and more perfect things; the willingness to wander through a temporary and shifting experience in order that the enduring may come to pass. It is a witness to the eternity that is in the heart, to the light that burns within us as "a candle of the Lord."

And at this moment there rises up before me the figure of one man,[1] honored and beloved among us, whose face it may be we shall see no more in mortal form, waiting for the death messenger to come. He will stand forth in our memory in days to come as one of our chief citizens—a man to whom that great, clean, word "citizen" in a pre-eminent degree belongs; a man who, with the courage of clear vision, has looked for a city which has foundations, built on the granite of human integrity and honor, and who, in the most literal sense as I believe, has laid down his life in order that you and your children may live among civic conditions,

[1] Edwin Burritt Smith. Died May 9, 1906.

of both the material and the immaterial kind, which will surpass those we possess today. For himself it will be once more the story of Abraham—the life in tents, the vision unfulfilled and incomplete. For the days and the people to come it will be the city which hath foundations—the dream embodied, the hope merged into realization.

But, returning now to this story of Abraham, we come upon this statement: "He might have had opportunity to return." Yes, he might have gone back to Ur of the Chaldees, to the twilight from which he had emerged, in the certainty that there was something better than Chaldee. Some divine urge within him had impelled him forth. "While he mused the fire burned," and the candle of the Lord within him began to glimmer with a single beam. And he awoke to himself and said: "Oh, it is so dark around me, so dark! I must go forth to find the light which has power to kindle this fire and to set this taper aglow. There must be a great light shining somewhere. I know not where, but I will go forth."

And he went forth, as did the man in the exquisite and prophetic poem of Helen Hunt—the man who

> . . . . dwelt where level lands lay low and drear
> With dull seas languid tiding up and down,

and who went forth to find the Singer's hills—those purple mountains in the sea—and who, journeying toward these magic hills, brought back fruit and flowers, jewels and costly stuffs, and, staggering with over-

burdened hands, laid down the treasures he had brought, while, "smiling, pitying, the world saw naught." Like that, this primitive idealist walked forth; and he might have had opportunity to return, but he did not.

And how like this is to the varying story of human life! We all have opportunity to return, to go back, to surrender the vision, to put out the light that is within us, and to drift along in the old unheeding content.

In his quaint allegory, Bunyan has laid hold of this familiar human situation, for he relates that Christian and Pliable

drew near to a very Miry Slough that was in the midst of the Plain, and they being heedless, did both fall suddenly into the bog. Here therefore they wallowed for a time, being grievously bedaubed with the dirt; and Christian because of the burden on his back began to sink in the Mire.

Then said Pliable, "Ah Neighbor Christian, where are you now?"

"Truly," said Christian, "I do not know."

At that Pliable began to be offended, and angrily said to his Fellow, "Is this the happiness you have told me all this while of? If we have such ill speed at our first setting out, what may we expect 'twixt this and our Journey's end? May I get out again with my life, you shall possess the brave country alone for me." And with that he gave a desperate struggle or two and got out of the Mire on that side of the Slough which was next his own House: so away he went, and Christian saw him no more. And when he got to his own house again, his Neighbors came to visit him; and some of them called him wise Man for coming back; and some called him Fool for hazarding himself with Christian; others again did mock at his Cowardliness,

saying, "Surely since you began to venture I would not have been so base to have given out for a few difficulties." So Pliable sat sneaking among them.

Were Bunyan living today, he might not write in the form of allegory; his English might not be so archaic and quaint; his phrases might not be so flavored with the technique of the religious life; but he would still find a text in the human alternative that was presented to Abraham, and to every man in the world: he might have had opportunity to return. He would see men setting forth on their life's journey with faith in the ideal, with confidence in the power of human improvement, and with an eager desire to help things on. And he would see some of these men, as time went on, growing blind and indifferent, cynical about the things that once stirred them with enthusiasm, indifferent to the hopes that once made their heart's pulses leap. They have had opportunity to go back, and they have clambered to the shore nearest to the place whence they set out, and they have gone back.

I used to think that the temptations that come to youth were the most perilous and insidious of all; that once these difficulties could be surmounted the battle was won. I have come to see that the temptations of youth are not to be compared with the temptations of middle life—the perils which overtake one when the first glow and ardor of youth have subsided, and one is threatened with spiritual stagnation and decay.

Maeterlinck, our modern allegorist, has written an allegory which is called "The Blind;" and, with a fresh interpretation of his own, Mr. Taft is conveying its meaning in a piece of sculpture. A group of figures, in various stages of senility and decrepitude, are crowding, ever crowding, to the fore. And they are all blind. Every one of them is groping and has lost his way; and terror is on their faces. But one of them, in the very forefront, is holding aloft a child. And the child is looking out with unterrified and seeing eyes. The child is the only one who sees. He is the only one who can save them from destruction.

It is the eternal parable of life: "Except ye have the spirit of the child, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." Christ saw the same truth long ago. Unless you keep the vision and the ideals that are native to youth—the ardor, the enthusiasm, the faith; unless, having the opportunity to return, you resolutely shut your lips and refuse to turn back, then indeed there is nothing to keep alive the spirit of hope. And it is the spirit of the child, the faith of youth, ever being lifted above our senile and decrepit life, on which we must still base our confidence and press on. Keep alive the child that is in your own heart. Make room for the eternal childhood of the race, to be lifted up in our midst, where with confident and prophetic eyes he may still look forth and lead us on.

Finally we read concerning Abraham that he "looked for the city that hath foundations, whose

builder and maker is God." He went forth, not knowing whither he was going; but he looked for the city with foundations. He dwelt in the changing and shifting shelter of the tent all his days; but he looked for the city with foundations. He might have turned back, but he kept on moving forward, ever looking for the city with foundations.

This is the most inspiring picture we can possibly get of our life and the conditions of our human experience. Surrounded everywhere by the unknown, holding to the great verities, not as demonstrated theories, but as the quest and venture of life, we still believe in the city with foundations, we hold to the absolute and eternal. We are convinced that we shall not be put to permanent confusion; that we are not in a world of illusions and deceits, a place where we are to be supremely fooled and cheated.

And though we live in tents; though there is no single thing in our life that comes to fruition; though misfortune and distress attend us; though our friends move on away from the hungry arms that would embrace them and eyes that would look into theirs; though we see our successes turn into defeats, fortunes crumble away into dust, and we grow dizzy with the sense of impending change; still we believe in the city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

This puts our trust in the immutable and eternal, where it becomes forever serviceable to our need; not in the anathemas of councils, held over us as a

threat, but in the still small voice luring us on, as a hope; not in rails beneath us, from which we cannot swerve except through a misplaced switch, but in the pole star in the far-off skies, by which we may guide our ship through trackless seas.

> And of the men who sailed that way,
> Some found the purple mountains in the sea,
> Landed, and roamed their treasure countries free,
> And drifted back with brimming laden hands.
> Walking along the lifeless silent sands,
> The Singer, gazing ever seaward, knew,
> Well knew the odors which the soft wind blew
> Of all the fruits and flowers and boughs they bore.
> Standing with hands stretched eager on the shore,
> When they leaped out, he called, "Now God be praised,
> Sweet comrades, were they then not fair?"

"THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU"

"And being asked by the Pharisees, when the kingdom of God cometh, he answered them and said, 'The kingdom of God cometh not with observation: neither shall they say, Lo here! or lo there! for lo, the kingdom of God is within you.'"—Luke 17:20, 21.

VI

"THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU"

Our first impression, when we turn back to words like these, is that we are reading history—and history that for the most part is obsolete. We feel our way about among unfamiliar ideas, as one might feel his way over the stones of the Parthenon, or among the ruins of the temple at Jerusalem. And when the task is done, with a sense of relief we take up the daily paper, or the current magazine—and we know where we are.

Perhaps also, when you get buried in the paper with its onrush of contemporary life and its tides of reality, you ask yourself the question: "Why did I go to church this morning to hear a talk about the kingdom of God?" There are, to be sure, a few of our neighbors who will not be embarrassed by any such question; for they will not have the disturbing recollection of a sermon to interfere with the steady flow of contemporary interests.

But you are here! And in this scant half-hour I wish, if possible, to drive home the nail of one truth. And this is the truth which we shall try to drive home —that we are here in this place today, and among its associations, not primarily to take account of history, but to take account of contemporary life and current interests. We are here in the interest of the very matters of which the daily paper is a chronicle and the

magazine an interpreter. If there is any sense of mental jolt and break when we pass from today into tomorrow, it should be a sign to us that either our religious life lacks foreground and action, or our daily and secular life lacks background and sky.

If, therefore, at any time we make an approach to our own contemporary interests through the vestibule of those interests which were contemporary to another age and people, we must stop long enough to ask ourselves what men really meant by watchwords which are no longer our own watchwords. Two thousand years ago "the kingdom of God" was a real and living rallying-cry. The words were rooted deep in the soil of patriotism and national aspiration. It was an idea which had its growth from age to age, but it never lost its rooting in the soil of the collective social life. When men talked of the kingdom of God, they faced the situations which we ourselves are facing when we contemplate our hopes and fears, the forces which undermine, and the forces which upbuild, our common life today. The religious life of men then was simply the other side of this national aspiration and these patriotic aims.

When you hold a silver dollar in your hand you seldom observe whether you are looking at the eagle supporting the religious motto, "In God we trust," or at the goddess with the fillet of liberty binding back the tresses from her brow. Both sides are dollar sides. They are the obverse and reverse of an indissoluble unity. So was it with the messianic hope—the expecta-

tion of the kingdom of God. It was a religion or a patriotism, as you pleased. In the temple today you might hear the choir of Levites singing, "In God is our trust." In the marts tomorrow you might hear men in earnest consultation over the prospect of freedom from the Roman power. It was all one. The kingdom of God was a spiritual state, or a social and political church, according as the goddess or the eagle happened to be at the top.

There is a striking counterpart to this situation in one of Ibsen's earlier dramatic poems, *The Emperor and Galilean*, the story of which was laid in the reign of the Roman emperor Julian, at the time when Christianity became the established religion of Rome. In consultation with his mystical and oracular adviser, Maximos, Julian asks the question: "Will the Galilean conquer? Is the kingdom from above to destroy the kingdom of this earth?" Maximos answers enigmatically, as oracles are wont to do: "Neither can succeed. Both powers, the earthly and unearthly, shall fail. And he shall be the rightful ruler in whom the emperor and Galilean shall be joined. There is to come the third realm, neither of earth alone, nor yet of heaven alone—God-Caesar, Caesar-God—Caesar in the kingdom of the spirit, God in the kingdom of the flesh."

Now, this "dark saying" of Maximos is to some degree an affirmation of what was already consciously in the minds of the people out of whose experience came the messianic ideal and the thought of the king-

dom of God. They were terms which were current in both the religious and the social realm. The one use of them reinforced the other. It was to a degree already true of them, as someone has declared it will be sometime true again, that "the church will be fundamentally the intensification of our civic conscience."

Into this messianic atmosphere Christ was born. He grew up in it. He accepted it, to begin with, at its current value. But he also did much to transform and enlarge it. How definitely and literally he took to himself the messianic title it may never be quite possible to know. But that he should work entirely outside of it, that he should ignore and repudiate it, and at the same time expect to have any influence or accomplish any result in the immediate life of the world around him, is quite as unthinkable as that anyone should come into our modern world dominated by democratic ideals, and hope to have influence except by the use of them.

But if we may not know just to what degree Jesus adopted the prevalent messianic ideal and identified himself with it, we may know some of the ways in which he transformed and enlarged it. He said once: "The day of the Lord cometh as a thief in the night." Now, to people who are in constant dread of burglars, and who live in fear of some desperate struggle in the night, this may seem to be the prediction of a terrifying and catastrophic event in the life of man, and the history of the world—something which will awake everyone as with a shock of alarm. But, as matter of fact, I suppose the thief in the night came in ancient

times as he is quite likely to come in modern times—suddenly, but silently. He has come and gone, and you know it in the morning only by something that has taken place. And that is how the kingdom of God would come, Jesus said—the great social and human transformations: suddenly and silently, but not with terrifying clash or with rude awakening. It would glide in unobserved, just because it was so intimately a part of the order of events. It would have come and would be present before men had really comprehended that anything had taken place.

And that is what he must have meant in these more deliberate words. When the Pharisees asked him when the kingdom of God should come, he said: "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation at all; not in outward show or by anxious watching for its advent. Nor is it confined to this or that particular event or circumstance, to something that stands out as definite and unusual, so that you may say, 'Here it is,' or 'There.'"

There were two influential tendencies in the time of Christ—the same two that one finds everywhere. There was one class of people who believed the kingdom of God would come only by fighting for it. They wanted a revolution. They had in them the fire of the old Maccabean days. The Zealots were of this way of thinking. Barabbas and the two men who were crucified with Christ were very likely men of this insurrectionist type. Judas Iscariot had the revolutionary spirit, and he was bitterly disappointed that

Jesus did not turn out to be a revolutionary leader, organizing the discontent and unrest of the people into a formidable force of opposition. Jesus doubtless had the revolutionists in mind when he said: "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation. You cannot say, 'Lo here it is' or 'There.' It is amongst you. It is within you."

There was another circle of men who looked for the kingdom of God to come, not by revolution, but by revelation. They expected some sign from heaven. They looked for a miracle. There would be some catastrophe in the natural world, and God would come in and take possession of things, and his reign would actually begin. Therefore Jesus doubtless had in mind the men who looked for a miracle, as well as the men who wanted a revolution, when he said: "The kingdom of God does not come by observation, by watching for it, by identifying it with this or that strange occurrence. It is hidden in the course of things. It grows up in its own silent and unobtrusive way, because it is a part of life, it is in the order of the world. It is amongst you, and within you."

In a word, Jesus did not look for the kingdom of God to come through militant revolution, with Judas and the Zealots; nor by miraculous revelation, with the scribes and the rabbis; but by quiet, steady, invisible evolution. The kingdom of God was the unfolding order of the world. It was the unfolding growth of the human spirit. It was the response of the one to the other. It was seeing light in the light—seeing more

light as the eyes grew stronger and the light grew clearer.

Now, it is this enlargement and transformation of the current thought of the kingdom of God which fixes our attention as we follow Jesus through his experience and his teaching. The fundamental and reigning idea he held in common with the men of his time. He attached himself to it. He identified himself with it. But he did not look for it to come at the edge of the sword, nor upon the flash of a miracle. Neither by the force of man nor by the force of God was it to come, but by the sure and silent force of growth—the power inherent in all living things and in all living ideas.

And it is just this way of regarding the great contemporary enthusiasm of Jesus' own time which makes the whole thing so much a contemporary matter of our own time. We ought to be able to understand Jesus, as the people of his own time could not understand him. For it is precisely his idea of growth, this silent, world-wide principle of growth, which has everywhere been steadily displacing the reliance upon revolution and the reliance upon miracle—those two chief exhibitions of outward force.

There are, to be sure, still left a sufficient number of both these types to keep them in evidence. There are people who believe that the day of the Lord will come when there are enough people of one mind banded together to put the other people down and out, to build barriers against them and to make laws against

them; to put them out of the way by power of the statute, or by power of an even more aggressive and militant force. And there are people who still believe that the day of the Lord will come at some definite time in the future. In a kind of awesome and superstitious way, they look on all the unusual happenings in the world of nature, and all the discouraging conditions in the world of society, and they say: "These are signs of his coming. When things get a little worse, then God will surely come, and his coming will be a day of judgment and burning."

But it becomes more and more possible, and more and more natural, to penetrate, with understanding, the thought of Christ, that the kingdom of God—that is, the meaning and purpose of God, his way with the world, and his thought for human life—comes not with observation, as something which may be located and labeled in specific events, or brought about by specific efforts, but as something rather which is continually coming to expression, and gaining in value and in triumph as time moves on. It matters very little whether we express our thought and hope through the ancient symbol. "The kingdom of God"—as a form of words—we may easily let go, just as we have let go most of the messianic phraseology. But it is the inner kernel of the thought which we wish to keep, which shall itself become a seed to spring up into new leafage and fruit. What we wish to keep alive is the abiding sense of the

> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves.

And there is one very evident reason why it is possible for us to keep alive this idea, and to enter with deeper appreciation into Christ's enlargement of the reigning religious ideas of his own time. That reason is found in the fact that we are everywhere getting renewed emphasis of the truth that we live in a world which is one world throughout—a world in which there is no place any longer for the antitheses and divisions which men have been accustomed to make.

How queer it seems, even yet, to wake up suddenly and realize that we live in a world without a firmament, either of the literal or of the metaphorical kind. There is no adamatine layer between our world here and some other world up there. Someone has said that it is not at all the "higher critics," or any men or influences of our own time, that have created the disturbances of one kind and another of which we are aware in our religious life. It is a man who lived a long time ago who created these disturbances—a man by the name of Copernicus. For it is certainly a fact that when the Ptolemaic idea of the world gave way to the Copernican idea, all these various shelves and layers, these membranes and middle walls of partition which had divided the world up into compartments and strata, gradually disappeared.

We do not yet fully realize how much it means to

have all these things pulled out, and the world left homogeneous and unified—one vital and organic whole throughout. In our houses, with their various rooms and partitions, we say, "This is up-stairs, and that is down-stairs. The piano is in the east room, the library is in the west room." But suppose we take out the floors and the partitions, and remove the stairs. Even if we go on using the old terms, as doubtless we might for a time, they have lost their relevancy. East room and west room, chambers and parlors, are one undivided and spacious hall.

Precisely this is what has happened to the universe. The staircase and partitions and floors have been removed. The firmament has been pulled out. And what a lot of terms and ideas become obsolete the moment you pull out the firmament—that hard, dividing partition between, below, and above! Men once, with the geography and cosmic ideas familiar to them, could speak of the supramundane and the supernatural, because there was a hard and fast division line to which something could be "super." But how can the man who accepts the astronomy of Copernicus accept also the religious ideas which reflected the world before Copernicus? How can he hold that anything is strictly supernatural, when he has pulled out the firmament which alone made that thing "super" to the natural world? He can say it only in the sense in which he says "up-stairs" after the staircase and floors have been removed.

As matter of fact, we do still go on saying "up-

stairs" and "in the other room." We still think of God as being in some place; of heaven as having some location in space and time; of some days and places and acts as being sacred; some laws as being natural laws, and other laws supernatural and divine. These are the surviving habits of thought and expression which disappear as slowly as the rudimentary organs which no longer have function, and sometimes create a deal of trouble. There is a process of surgery going on all the time for this trouble, which might be named *ecclesiasticitis*, which eliminates those terms and ideas that grew up when we believed ourselves to live in a double world, and all the partitions and firmaments were fast in place.

Were there time, I should like to speak of these rudimentary survivals at length. Let me hurriedly mention one or two. Take the case of the never-ending question about the teaching of religion in the public schools. How full the controversy of little elements and situations which have absolutely no significance in our modern world! Some young people came to me a few weeks ago to ask permission to use this church for the midyear graduation. The permission had hardly been granted when they called to say that the request must be withdrawn. It was not permissible to use a church for a public-school occasion. Now see what this signifies. On the one hand there is a group of people who fear that the public schools will come under the control of religion; and on the other hand there is a group who condemn them

already because they are secular and godless, and who demand the parochial school in their place. The firmament and the partition and the staircases are all there in the minds of both those groups of objectors. Religion is something definite and localizable, something that you can lock out or let in at will.

When I think of the heat and bitterness that have gone into this controversy, I think I understand better the words of the Scripture: "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh." But out of that divine laughter has gone all mockery and derision. It is the laughter of one who comprehends, who sees the infinite humor under all our petty human strife and trouble.

If one had ever caught even the faint echo of the divine indwelling, sounded in the Hebrew psalm, "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me and Thy right hand shall hold me," he would understand that God could not be kept out of his world, because there is no way of putting him out, no outside into which to put him; and that religion could not be put out of, or into, the public schools by any decree of church or state, because religion is a spirit of life, which just as inevitably expresses itself as the sun shines or the air fills all space. Romanist and secularist are both in error. The children will get in contact with religion, if it is in the teacher's life as the spirit of reverence and trust, and of large confidence in the divine meaning of life. I do not need to have a teacher teach my child the Bible, if his spirit is attuned

to the abiding and eternal forces in the world; and if it is not—he could not teach it if he tried.

Then we find another of these rudimentary survivals in our rather confused and contradictory attitude toward the observance of Sunday, for instance. When the partitions are all in place and the firmament slid in, it is easy enough to determine the use of sacred days and places, because there are certain things which belong there on the upper side of the partition, and certain other things which belong on this side; and the two need not be mixed. There are definite acts and moods and occupations for the sabbath, the sacred day, and certain other acts and occupations permissible on all other days.

But what is going to be done when you can no longer keep the firmament and partition in their ancient place? Well, most men know not what to do. Some say: "All times and places are becoming profane and secular." So in desperation they try to push the firmament back, and make the old distinction between sacred and secular survive a little longer. But you feel like saying to them, as Paul said to the Galatians: "I am afraid of you, lest by any means I have bestowed labor upon you in vain, for ye observe days and months and seasons." Then there are others who seem to be aware that all things have become secular, that the ancient restraints are loosened; and they are glad to have it so. If they are already compelling men to render service for six long days, they

gladly seize upon the opportunity to levy service for one day more. They would wring labor for twenty-five hours out of the twenty-four, if the law permitted and they could bribe the Time-keeper of the world. To such people you feel constrained to say: "I am afraid of you, because in abandoning the observance of days and seasons you have abandoned the only thing which ever gave that observance human worth —the need, namely, of getting vision, and perspective, and largeness of life."

And it is only through some such insight into the heart of that which lay behind the ancient use of days and seasons, with its untrue distinction between the sacred and the secular, that we can ever come to a sane and worthy relation to our present world, out of which the disappearance of the superficial error has often carried, for the time being, the deeper and abiding truth. One can never get the true relation to life by asking himself the question: "What is permissible to do, or not to do, on the sabbath?" Or, "Shall we let other men do this or that?" He can get that relation only by asking himself the question: "Am I finding in this world, as I move through it, the meaning of that world and of my life? Am I coming into living and filial contact with those forces of the world which shall give me growth, free me from narrow ends, and unfraternal ways? Have I found the secret of truth and the secret of love? Am I opening every door in my life which faces the sun, and the clear sky, and the face of the infinite Life?"

It is such questions that we come asking in our day, which in some ways is so different from the day and the world in which men lived when they came to Christ with their question: "When shall the kingdom of God come?" To them it was to come out of some place, in some definite time, and with visible lordly approach and command. It was an order of things as definite as that in which they lived, and which was to displace it and continue forever.

Jesus, anticipating the world which has become one, the world from which all walls of partition have been taken, spoke the prophetic words: "The kingdom of God cometh not by watching for it, or by locating it in the world of place and events. It comes as the light cometh, and as the seed groweth, and as the child climbs up to the stature of the man. It comes because it is already here. It appears as an outward reality, because first it is an inward necessity and fact."

And I am confident that sometime, when we have reorganized all the vital interests of our world of today into a new religious unity; when the last rudimentary survival of a dualistic world shall have ceased to trouble us; when we shall have clearly seen that the things we are working for in our science, and our political life, and our social relations, and our secular affairs, are all varying aspects of one eternal unity and fact, we shall then gather them up and approach them with the enthusiasm and the zeal with which

men hovered over that ancient question: "When shall the kingdom of God come?"

We are not living up to the height of our capacity unless we are concerned in the equivalent of that question. We are not loyal to our birthright if we willingly live the divided life—if it goes on piecemeal and unrelated and uninspired. What does *my* life mean to God? What does it contribute to the far-off divine event?

The answer to these questions is never to be found across the seas, or in the heavens above. It is in our mouth, and our heart, that we may do it.

OUT OF THE HEART ARE THE
ISSUES OF LIFE

"Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."—Prov. 4:23.

VII

OUT OF THE HEART ARE THE ISSUES OF LIFE

This text is an old proverb which, in our time, comes back to us with fresh force and value. It accords substantially with the prevailing psychology of today. There has been a long era of exaggerated intellectualism, during which the mind, as the organ of reasoning and reflection, has been given a value which does not properly belong to it. The necessity for clear thought, for sound reasoning and correct and sagacious judgment, is so great that it is not surprising that they should at times usurp the throne. Knowledge means so much, and ignorance is such a fatal lack, and so great a handicap, that it is easily forgotten that, after every claim for knowledge has been registered and appraised, it never has, and can never actually acquire, the primacy. The controlling forces of life are deep down in the region of the master-passions, the dominant desires, the racial instincts and impulses—often, indeed, below the threshold of conscious intelligence. It is the engine and steam in the heart of the ship that make the ship go. The pilot, with his hand on the helm, holds the ship to the favoring course, avoiding rocks and shoals, and collisions with other ships. Up there in his conspicuous place, overlooking the sea, chart and compass within reach, the pilot may call for more steam, for full-head or

back-water; but he cannot actually make the ship go. The power is down there in the hold. Out of the heart of the ship come the controlling forces, and out of the heart of man come the issues of life.

This is familiar ground. It is becoming even more familiar in the new phrases and terms of today. But it is interesting to note that many of these men of old time, who thought deeply and adequately upon the ways of the spirit, realized that the fundamental control of life was in the heart—by which they meant the whole nature of man, all that he is with his inherited instincts, his racial impulses, his own master-motives and dominant desires. "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." These men never made the mistake of assuming religion to be something that can be taught, a precept to be learned, a creed to be repeated, or even an authority to be accepted and obeyed. These ideas have supervened in due time, in the promotion of the religious life, but religion itself is there already. It is one of the controlling impulses of life, one of the master-passions of the heart out of which come the issues and the destiny of life.

We have here, then, our guiding clue today, and we will take our bearings as we move along.

First of all, let us repeat: It is not the mind, the thought-power, the judgment-forming part of our nature, which holds the primacy and sits upon the throne. The mind, with its thoughts, its judgments, its ideas, is the servant of our practical needs. The

mind, in fact, came into being, was organized and developed, because of our practical needs. It is not the regal and aristocratic member of our being that it has sometimes been assumed to be. It is a veritable slave and lackey, serving in homespun, continually driven, and made to work overtime at the whip's end of the dominant forces of life. Because primitive man was conscious of hunger, he contrived a way to till the ground, to plant, to reap, to grind and bake. The mind did not invent bread, and then coax the appetite to eat because bread forsooth was good. Man was hungry, the appetite was imperious master, and it compelled the mind to find some way of satisfying that need. Because man was naked, also, he invented dress, first from the skins of wild beasts, then from their woolly covering, woven into a fabric. Because he was subjected to the wind and the rain, to the sun and the frost, he drove the thinking part of him to devise a tent and a roof, a protecting shelter from the prowling lion, or a stockade against human foe. Here is the invariable order: need—invention—satisfaction. And this is actually all that the mind, with its knowledge, has ever done for man; in the last analysis it will always reduce to this—the discovery of a way, continuously a better way, between these two terms: need and the satisfaction of the need. Out of the heart have been the issues of life from the outset. The needs, the desires, the great passions, the urgent impulses—these have been in control. It is they who have sat on the throne.

Let us move on a step to a second thought. Let us note now how many of these habitual ways of doing things, in bridging over from the need to its satisfaction, have become fixed in permanent instincts which are handed down in the life of the race. The mind, this servant in homespun, channels out a canal and drags these heavy-laden barges of desire and need, these many kinds of hunger and thirst, one after another through the canal.

It is possible to study this working of instinct in many of the animals. The beaver builds its dam with the same precision and completeness with which beavers built their dams centuries ago. The bee constructs its cell with the same mathematical perfection and beauty. The kitten, playing with its first mouse, displays all the graceful finesse, the teasing strategy, which cats have shown since the first cat caught its first mouse. Everyone has watched a kitten in its first experience as captor. There is a moment of surprise and bewilderment—as though to say, "What now?" And then the full force of generations of feline skill leaps into activity. Instinct has declared itself. That act will never be done any better than it was done the first time. In the power of instinct the inventive nature has come to a kind of stationary completion, and it is easy enough to trace the path once more from need to its satisfaction. When your kitten encountered its first mouse it was quite probably not hungry at the time. It may have been aroused from a comfortable nap to be presented

with one caught in the trap. But, on the other hand, the kitten does not reason: "This is mouse; mice are good for cats; therefore eat." The cat pounces on the mouse because generations ago some other cat, that was hungry, pounced on one, and found satisfaction of hunger. The hunger is primary in the race, even when it is not in each successive individual of the race. All our ways of doing things, our laws and customs and habits—all "the issues of life"—originate in the heart, down among the master-passions and desires.

The human instincts are similar in nature, and work with like purpose and tenacity. We are beginning only tardily to learn that the characteristic traits and differences among the various races and peoples are these differences of inherited instincts, and that it is impossible suddenly to change the working of these instincts by any formula, or maxim, or precept which has grown up as a superior way of doing things elsewhere. Down below the instinctive act or way of life is some remote ancestral custom rooted in a primary human need, and that remote process has become automatic in the race. A thousand picturesque and peculiar things which we see in the foreign races that come to our shores are these racial habits which indicate the many ways the various people of the world have found for bridging over from the primary demands of life to their satisfaction and fulfilment. It is a part of the tragedy of this remaking of peoples, adapting them to different and perhaps better civilizations, that the younger generations growing up

in new surroundings, easily imitating and adopting the customs into which they come, grow at length into a feeling of alienation from the older members of the race who migrated with them. It is an impressive enforcement of the fact that the issues of life, the controlling forces of destiny, are down in the heart, in the practical needs of life out of which the guiding impulses are born.

We are ready, then, to take a third step. If it be true that many of the human ways of doing things to satisfy the claims and the hungers of life become automatic and unchangeable, it is also true that human life offers the widest field of improvability and enlargement. Man's mind widens, and his knowledge grows, because his needs increase, or, rather, because he becomes conscious of more needs, which keep welling up out of the great deep of his nature. Let us put side by side in our thought the first house and the last house man has built. The first house: a stick in the ground, a beast's skin arranged about it—and there is the savage wigwam, affording some shelter from the sun and storm, some protection from foes, a place to sleep and to live. That is the first issue of the house-type which came up out of the heart's demand for shelter. The last house: it has walls, roof, door—the essential things which the primitive hut had; but it has many things which the hut had not. It has a system of heating and ventilation, because man lives in a different climate and under

severer conditions. It has a system of plumbing and drainage, because there is the modern need of sanitation, of protection against disease; for man lives in crowded cities. Its walls have taken on quiet and harmonious tones. In its rooms are placed works of art, books, souvenirs of friendship or of travel. Draperies, rugs, chairs, tables, furnishings—all must harmonize and help to make up this poem which you call your house. And to what end? In order that you may get in out of the cold and the wet? Yes, that primarily. But into this primitive impulse and stimulus have played a hundred others which have grown up with the growth of man. Yet every addition has been made in response to some new desire which has become active and controlling, and has taken its place as the stimulus of some new need. Through the entire process the mind continues to be the servant of man, toiling in homespun and working overtime, in order to interpret and satisfy these wants, desires, and feelings as they arise out of the great deep of life. Out of the heart are the issues of life from beginning to end.

One further step, and we shall be ready to face about, and look over the field which it is our particular aim to get into range. Let us recapitulate: We have seen, in the first place, that the mind with its knowledge and invention is the servant of our practical needs, building bridges between desires and their satisfaction. We have noted, in the second place, that,

within certain limits, this process gets fixed in permanent and automatic instincts, a given thing always being done in the same way, because the conscious need remains stationary and unchanging. We have observed, in the third place, that of all the forms of life in the world, man is most susceptible to change and improvement; that he becomes aware of increasing needs, and therefore invents new and more effective ways of meeting those needs.

In the fourth place, then, let us stop a moment to note that the process of education is precisely the process of making connection between our human needs in all their expanding form and the satisfaction of those needs. It is finding the way to live effectively and fruitfully in the world in which we live. Education consists partly in the training of the mind, and the acquisition of the stores of knowledge and experience which the world has garnered; but this only as preliminary to a larger, more fruitful and inventive use of the mind in serving our practical needs. Can there be any notion of education more arid or sterile than the conception of it as a discipline of the mind, or an acquisition of knowledge, if we stop with either or both of these ideas? Discipline of mind and possession of knowledge have little significance except in relation to the service of our practical and ever-present human situation, constructing bridges from desire to satisfaction. The mind, like the Pope, may indeed be the *Pontifex Maximus,* but in neither case by merely occupying a pontifical

throne must either exercise the function which the term implies—that of being the master bridge-builder. So far as education makes a man think of his training and culture in that light, it has served its end, no matter what the special process and technique may have been. So far as it does not make that connection and serve some real end, it deserves to be called education as little as the polishing of a brass lamp deserves to be called shedding light. The peasant woman at her loom, the good grandmother at her knitting by the fire-place, the artisan at his bench, are better educated than any boy or girl in possession of the richest culture the schools afford, if at the end he has come to despise any honorable task of life, or to lose the sense of connection between human need, and the larger and better satisfaction of that need.

> 'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
> More life and fuller that we want.

And the demand constantly being made upon our human training and culture is to find completer and more satisfying ways to meet the endless and inexorable demands of the spirit. An education that stops in the head is really little better than a cold in the head. It is congestion in the wrong place. Culture, like the circulation, needs distribution and outlet.

"An axiom is not an axiom," someone has said, "until it is felt in the pulses." Education, whether it be manual or mental, technical or general, scientific, literary, or philosophical, justifies itself only as a part of that ceaseless demand for fulness of life, for a

more adequate satisfaction of the boundless issues of life which keep welling up out of the heart.

Education has frequently been interpreted as a boy in the neighborhood, belonging to the public schools, interpreted what was going on at the University School of Education. The class in geography was at work out of doors, constructing hills, mountains, valleys, rivers, and so forth. This boy and his companions watched the process with interest for a time, and then, turning away with a contemptuous expression, he remarked: "Humph! That's the way they study geography over here at the university. Over at our school we study geography with our minds." "Liberal education"—that shibboleth which has come down the ages—implies an education for the *liberus*, the freeman, the man of leisure, who is released from the necessity for toil. But liberal education which shall be the shibboleth of the future must be an education which *liberates*, freeing every human power for fuller expression and a more perfect activity. It must be a better bridge-builder between need and the satisfaction of the need.

Finally, let us face about and look back over the way we have come, and see the bearing of the whole thought upon the great fact and reality of the religious life. If all the other issues of life are practical issues, religion is a practical issue likewise. If these other things are master-passions and needs of the actual life of man, religion takes its place with them as

a master-passion, a fact which lies down in the deep places, calling for no other justification or apology than that it is such a fact, one of the ceaseless issues of life. To apologize for the religious instinct is to insult it. It calls for the apologetic attitude no more than birth, or love, or patriotism. It is generic, and racial, and resistless, like all these other things.

The most fatal assumption men have ever made regarding religion is that it is a revelation, in the sense of being a kind of information and knowledge and detail of fact handed over to man through some authentic channel, just as John Alexander Dowie might be supposed to receive and authenticate and proclaim a revelation. Religion wells up out of the deep. It is in the very movement and structure of life itself. It is real even in its gropings. It is no more real, only more satisfying, in its later and wiser stages. In the fundamental sense the knowledge of God is not a true understanding of what God is in his nature. It is, rather, a vital and personal connection with the divine movement and activity, and the sense of satisfaction, of harmony, of inner music which that connection assures. If we could once anchor ourselves to this underlying reality as to the religious life and the welfare of the spirit, we should live with entire confidence and serenity regarding all the transformations that go on as to our knowledge, and our interpretation of these realities in terms of thought.

It is often claimed and declared that the very suspicion of change in matters of religious opinion or

belief is as grave a charge as can be brought. But surely school keeps even when the school board decrees a change of geographies and arithmetics for the pupils. And it is to be assumed that such changes do not in every instance imply that a rival publisher now has his innings and a chance to sell his books. It is to be hoped and assumed that progress is being made in the construction of textbooks. But school keeps all the time. In like manner the church keeps, religion goes on; men are able to live with reverence and trust, with Godly fear, and devotion to the unseen issues of life, even in times when religious opinions are undergoing change, when the geography and arithmetic of religion are being stated anew. Let us not confound the reality of the religious life with the knowledge and interpretation of what that reality is. Let us not suppose that a knowledge of God necessarily means a complete and adequate idea of what God is. Let us hold to the biblical idea of the knowledge of God, viz., personal accord with a supreme and hidden purpose which compels the admiration and devotion of the heart. "He that loveth knoweth God, for God is love." To know by means of love is to know through the faculty of reverence, of service, of loyalty. There is an eternal truth in that quaint symbolism of the Old Testament. Moses wished to see God, and God said: "Thou shalt not see my face, but thou shalt behold me as I pass by." And from the cleft in the rock Moses beheld God as his garments swept past. Men have never looked upon the face of

God. He is, as the Bible says, "a God of silence." Generation after generation has lived upon the earth, and this strange silence is unbroken. With Job we say: "Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him. On the left hand, when he doth work, but I cannot behold him. He hideth himself on the right hand that I cannot see him." We have not seen his face. We have not heard his voice. But we have seen him as he passes by—in the phenomena of the world, in the movement of life itself, in the needs and hunger of our being, in our capacity for love, in our desire to find the truth, in our power to take a moral outlook and to grow in spiritual stature. All these are tokens that he is with us, that "he knows the way that we take, and that when he has tried us we shall come forth as gold."

Let us be thankful for all the knowledge we get, for all the light that shines upon our path, for everything that organizes itself into the certainty of truth for the mind; above all, for those personal disclosures of the divine thought and will which come to us in specially endowed souls—most radiant of all in the transparent character, the single-mindedness, the divine sonship of Jesus Christ. But back of all these things, before them in time, imbedded in the far-off origin of life itself, is the impulse and the guarantee of the religious life. Out of the heart are its issues. In the need of the heart is the abiding certainty of its continued power.

And who can tell us what new resurgence of the religious life shall well up out of this great deep of our human hunger for the eternal reality? In truth did Jesus say: "If any man will drink of the water that I shall give him, it shall be in him a well of water springing up into eternal life." We know little of the capacity of that fountain which is within us. We only know that its waters will not gush for every idler who stands at the fountain and demands that the water flow. It must be some Moses who shall strike the rock and make the waters leap forth. Great souls, born in due time, incarnating in themselves the thoughts, the feelings, the convictions which a generation or an age has undergone, are able at last to speak the word; and, behold, God laveth the thirsty land with the new tokens of his presence. The river that floweth from the throne of God leaps and sparkles and moves on with resistless current to the sea.

Some such day will surely come to us all again. Some great soul will one day interpret, as no living man now seems able to do, the meaning of these pent-up forces of the heart. We can afford to wait in patience for that day, and to labor for its coming in sobriety of judgment, not being drawn hither and thither by those who say, "Lo, here it is," or "Lo, there."

We shall know the great prophet, when he comes, by the new stirring of the great deep out of which have always come the great and enduring issues of life.

Thou shalt know him when he comes,
Not by any din of drums,
Nor the vantage of his airs,
Neither by his crown,
Nor his gown,
Nor by anything he wears.
He shall only well known be
By the holy harmony
That his coming makes in thee.

THE SACRAMENTAL VALUE OF MATERIAL THINGS

"Take, eat, this is my body."—Matthew 26:26.

VIII

THE SACRAMENTAL VALUE OF MATERIAL THINGS

"The Holy Communion," the "Eucharist," the "Lord's Supper," are the more familiar names under which has been perpetuated the memory of the last Passover which Jesus kept with his companions before his crucifixion. To write the history of this memorial would be to write a large part of the history of the Christian church. To state the various interpretations which have been given its character and its efficacy would be also to parallel, to a good degree, man's interpretation of the world in which he lives, the divine relation to it, and the interrelation of the divine and the human.

The Holy Communion has been widely held to be a sacrament—one of the seven sacraments of the Roman church, one of the two sacraments of the Protestant church. And a sacrament has commonly been defined as the "outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual grace." Jeremy Taylor somewhere says that "the Fathers, by an elegant expression, call the blessed sacraments the extension of the incarnation." In the course of time, and as an inevitable outcome of the philosophical ideas through which men interpreted the world, there grew up in the Roman church the doctrine of transubstantiation, which means, practically, that the wafer in the hand

of the priest, after consecration, becomes transformed by a miracle into the actual substance of Christ's body, thus becoming efficacious for the salvation of the communicant. Some of the Reformers, notably the Swiss leaders, reacted from this time-honored belief of the Roman church, and held that the bread and wine were aids to the memory in recalling that supreme event, the crucifixion of Christ with its atoning value, and that only as a symbol, stimulating memory and imagination, could it react upon the religious life and be of avail. This is the thought commonly held today by the great multitude of Protestant people. But there is an interesting story of how Luther, himself a vigorous rebel against Roman ideas at most points, and a free interpreter of the Scriptures when he wished to be, was at this point a literalist of the literalists, and in controversy with his opponents put his big finger on the words in the Latin Bible which read: "Hoc est corpus meum." "That settles it," Luther said; "the bread is the literal body of Christ, and the wine his literal blood."

Now, all these distinctions and controversies have so completely faded out of the interest of the modern mind that I may have difficulty in absolving myself from the charge of pedantry in even making reference to them. We are likely to feel a trifle impatient over matters which do not at once disclose their contemporary meaning and vitality. But the only way to make a past age and its thought become alive is to see it through the instrumentalities and ideas by which

we face reality in our own time; and then to remember that these instruments and ideas, so useful and vital to us, may become as antiquated to a future age as those of past ages are to us. The real question always is: How do men try to interpret the realities of life? What is the thing they are really after?

Now, I take it that the most fundamental difference between past times and the present time is that the past, which came down from Greece through Rome and to the very threshold of today, interpreted the world and God and man in static terms. The present is beginning to interpret these same things in dynamic terms. To the ancient world, therefore, "substance" was the key-word to everything. To the modern world "activity" is the key-word. The mind of man was once regarded as a state of consciousness; it is now held to be a series of functions. Man was once thought of as a being who has body, mind, and soul; now he is regarded as "a behaving organism," a nucleus of activities which express themselves, now as feeling, now as thinking, and now as acting, receiving impressions from the surrounding world, and in turn reacting upon the outer world. Once it could be said: "Man *does* what he *is;*" now it is almost the reverse: "Man *is* what he *does.*"

Bear it in mind, therefore, that when we talk today in terms of organism, of function, of activity, we are after the same great end that men long ago were after when they talked in terms of state, of substance, of being. That is to say, they and we are after reality.

We want to discover the thing which gives vital meaning and connection to this whole mighty world in which we live; and so did they.

I can understand that the men who came together in the fourth century in the Nicene Council, who came in such throngs and with such tremendous interest in the questions involved, were dealing with very grave contemporary reality when they disputed over such terms as *homo-ousios*, *homoi-ousios*, and *hetero-ousios*. Was Christ of the same substance with God, of similar substance, or of different substance? That was their three-cornered controversy, which seems so remote from us only because the terms and the philosophical assumptions are remote. But when we recall that the only reality they were concerned about was that of interpreting the way by which the divine life gets into contact with the world and with human life, and keeps in contact with it, we instantly see how their problems come over and stand side by side with our problems. And so long as they thought in terms of substance, and regarded everything in the static way, they must certainly find the solutions to their particular problems in the only terms which had any meaning to them.

In the same light we read the meaning of the Roman doctrine of transubstantiation. Here, again, it was a concern for substance, a desire to have the life of man participate in the reality of the divine nature. And granted a world thought of only in static terms, and granted also the ease and necessity of divine interposition at any moment in a miraculous act, making

any strange and unusual thing possible, it is easy to see how significant and real might be the conception of a material thing, like a wafer of bread, being transformed into the actual body of the Redeemer, enabling the believer by feeding upon the substance of that body to find for himself redemption and peace. "A crude and gross interpretation!" we exclaim. Yes, that indeed; but at the same time an interpretation, growing out of a search for reality, and becoming therefore a challenge to anyone who also sets out in search of reality, and who is determined to make the world in which he lives luminous, and unified, and satisfying.

It is at this point, then, that these ancient questions and issues acquire new interest and significance. We are challenged to interpret anew, as it were, the sacramental significance of life. Let us drop back a moment, then, to the literal and root meaning of a sacrament. What is it? It is the means or instrument of sacredness. It is the visible and material agency by which we acquire and experience some spiritual reality which can come only through the material instrument.

Now let us face the full tide of our real life and ask: What things are sacraments? The answer comes quickly: All things are sacraments which are the tools and agencies and channels for acquiring life, for actually coming into the possession and experience of the fulness of life. The body with its uses is a sacrament, for the reality of life which manifests itself through the body. The material world, appropriated

by the senses, used and manipulated by man, is a sacrament for the interpretation of the greater unseen world which we never know except as it functions through the material world.

We need not be afraid, therefore, of this word "sacrament." We need to restore and reinterpret it. We need to emphasize the sacramental value of every visible and material thing about us. We need to be sure that every visible and material thing is real, that it has actual and not sham existence, and that it exists for the purpose of revealing, for serving and promoting some finer spiritual reality which acts through it. And we must "eat of this body," if we are to live.

There are two reasons in particular why we need to have a more vivid realization that the bodily, earthly, and material things are sacraments of the spirit: in the first place, because there is a great multitude who deny that there is any material and earthly fact to become a sacrament for the spirit, that the spirit alone exists, and that all else is an illusion of the senses; in the second place, because there is a far larger number who make the material and earthly an end and achievement, and so cut it off from being a sacrament to reveal and interpret the spirit.

There has always been a certain type of people who have denied the reality and value of the material world and the bodily life. Some of them have done it in a purely practical way—by running away from it, by seeking refuge in the desert, by building hermitages and monasteries, and by preaching the doctrine that

the body with its passions is the foe of the soul, and the world with its allurements and its entangling activities is the sure death of the spirit. Therefore they have denied the world by leaving it to one side, by fleeing from it, by attempting the task of building up a spiritual life as remote as possible from the threatening foes of the spirit.

But the corresponding type of people in the modern world go a step farther. They not only affirm that the earthly and material are foes of the spirit; they affirm that the earthly and material do not exist, that nothing exists but spirit, and that to affirm the non-existence of any disquieting foe of the spirit is to rout it. Now, if, the hermits and the monks, the Neoplatonists and the Christian Scientists, are right, there is of course no such thing in the world as a sacrament. No material and earthly thing can become the instrument and vessel of the sacred, the good, and the beautiful. We must pass behind the sacrament to the sacred reality at once. We must break the goblet in order to drink the wine it holds.

Curiously enough, this failure to recognize the reality of both the material and the spiritual, and the sacramental relation of the one to the other, is also made by that vast multitude which stands at the other pole—the people who are entirely absorbed in the things which could be made efficacious for spirit, drowned in the very ocean which could float the navies and merchantmen of a magnificent spiritual life.

And this is the spectacle we are witnessing every

day—the spectacle of men making a suicidal use of the powers and instruments out of which could come victorious achievement and glorious life; men of talent and genius prostituting the body to base ends, meeting a pitiable and tragic death, as did that architect of distinguished name and fame the other day in New York; men laying hold of the forces of wealth, the powers that build up the strength and sinew of a nation, but falling a prey to cupidity, to love of power or to ambition for display, as we have learned again and again in the disquieting disclosures of these two or three years just past. The general attitude is perfectly expressed in the impulsive remark attributed to one of the men who are at the head of one of the most gigantic institutions in the country. Asked to subscribe for some distinctly religious object, he replied: "Damn the church. It has never made any money."

Now, these two extremes bring into very clear relief the single thought on which I wish to lay emphasis today. A sacrament is any material thing which becomes an instrument and vehicle for the spirit. And in the large sense every earthly, bodily, and material thing is such a medium for the spiritual reality, pushing up through it for expression; and so every material, earthly, and bodily thing is a sacrament, an instrument of the holy and the good. All these outward things are the necessary means through which God and the human spirit are perceived and spiritual blessings communicated. It is the truth which Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent English scientist, has just emphasized in

saying that all "nature is an aspect and revelation of God," and that "God is not a being outside the universe, above its struggles and advances, but one who enters into the storm and conflict, and is subject to conditions as the Soul of it all." It is the truth expressed again by a distinguished Bampton lecturer years ago when he said:

> Each object of science reveals, not only the laws of its existence, but also a part of God's nature. Each art reveals, not merely natural beauty, but human feeling which also is divine. The family life is full of the outward and visible signs of love, and love is of God. The common partaking, appropriation, and enjoyment of these things make them also partakers of each other and of God. They become the channels through which love and beauty and truth and all that constitutes the human and divine excellence enter into us. . . . . And he who thus appropriates the world realizes at every turn the inner meaning of the words: "Take, eat, this is my body."

It is not, therefore, by the denial of the sacramental significance of life that we are to look for more fruitful religious life. It is not by the reduction of the seven sacraments to two, but by the multiplication of the seven to seventy times seven, that we are to find new incentives to the dignity, the honor, and the sacredness of life.

Let us teach and believe that the body is a sacrament of the spirit, the channel for communicating and perpetuating life which is divine; that therefore the body is to be kept clean and pure. Let us not forget what a great teacher of our day has said, that "the ultimate test of every question of personal or social

virtue is its effect on the child in our midst, and yet more its effect on the unborn, with the fate of countless generations of whom every fruitful life is freighted."

Let us teach and believe that wealth, industry, art, the creation of visible monuments of human skill, are the instruments of spirit; and that therefore every man who sets his hand to produce a thing of use or beauty, and every man who puts his talent to interest to increase the actual wealth of the world, is serving and revealing the spirit that moves through it, and is therefore called to know and remember that his work is godlike.

Let us teach and believe that the state is divine: that there is not needed, as churchmen like Hildebrand believed, a rival institution of the spirit where the contest should wage between church and state. For the state is mankind functioning in political relations, revealing the divine idea and message as to mutual human and social relations—the common-sense of most, gradually holding the fretful realm in awe.

These are some of the things we need to learn, to bring into the forefront of consciousness. To pick out a few things and make them sacramental is to withdraw attention from the sacramental significance of the whole of life. The blessed sacraments, as the Fathers used to say, are the extension of the incarnation. Truly so. For this thought of an indwelling God which came to focus in the character of Christ, magnified and multiplied so that he will be realized as the indwelling presence and reality in the many human ways for

revealing and serving the whole round of human interests—this thought alone will re-create for us the power of the religious life.

These symbols—the bread and the wine—are a memorial of the essential divineness and sacredness of the things which we regard as earthly and material. It was the broken body of Christ which testified of his spirit of sacrifice. And it is our manner of using these outward things of life which testifies what manner of men we are in the inward choice of the spirit. "Take, eat, this is my body"—it is a heroic summons to the sacramental use of all our powers and of all the world.

THE HIGHER LEGALISM

"All things are lawful unto me, but I will not be brought under the power of any."—I Cor. 6:12.

IX

THE HIGHER LEGALISM

Someone has written suggestively of "the higher lawlessness," calling attention to the fact that the reformers and redeemers of men are "numbered with the transgressors." The Christs are crucified between the malefactors. Men who break through law on the under side, into the world of unrestraint and evil, are indiscriminately catalogued, in the general opinion, with those who break through law on the upper side in the interests of larger righteousness and of more abundant life. And this is "the higher lawlessness."

Now, the sentence from Paul which I have used for my text may be taken as an illustration of a companion-fact. It is a very striking summary of the higher legalism. It is the spirit of liberty respecting a law higher than liberty and recognizing a restraint stronger than the law. When the inner forces of a man's life have won the victory over something—over the tendency to crystallize into legalism, and the tendency to dissipate themselves in caprice and wilfulness—then the victory is complete. That is the achievement of character. And whether it express itself in terms of the higher lawlessness or the higher legalism, it will command our attention and be worth our study.

Today it is the spirit of the higher legalism which I ask you to think about, as it is set forth in these nervous words of Paul: "All things are lawful unto

me, but I will not be brought under the power of any." Let us take just a moment to get his personal point of view—to trace the road over which he had come. There was a time when Paul could not have said anything like this. It was foreign to his every habit of thought. His inherited ideas, his education, the entire atmosphere of his life, familiarized him with the spirit of legalism, but not of the higher legalism. He thought and acted in terms of tradition, of authority, of law, of precedent and custom. His daily life was a conscientious observance of details, and routines, and minute observances, where scrupulous regard alone made possible a man's peace of mind and gave him the sense of being at harmony with God. Paul could say with truth that he had been a Pharisee of the Pharisees. And it is needless to add that he had therefore been the adherent of a superb system of regulating life by the forms of law. No more perfect machinery has been devised than the system of the rabbis. It left nothing to personal initiative, no gaps for alternatives and options. It never lost sight of details in the vision of the whole life. It worked laboriously in the field of details, as an Italian mosaic-worker, with down-looking face, lays the bits of stone in the pavement on which the tramping feet of men are to walk. This was the legalism of which Paul of Tarsus was a loyal and illustrious pupil, and fast on the road of becoming a master-exponent.

Then came the break—the vision of something large and soul-compelling. It was indeed a light which

smote him on the road to Damascus. He saw things which he had never seen before. The breath of God breathed upon this statuesque son of the law, and he became a living and moving spirit. His legalism had vanished, and he instantly became the champion of freedom, and of that splendid but much-abused quality of life which he described as "grace."

Professor Wernle, writing upon "the beginnings of Christianity," says most suggestively that, although "Paul never knew Jesus during his lifetime, it was nevertheless he who best understood him. He was one of those scribes and Pharisees on whom Jesus called woe, the cause of whose moral and spiritual malady was just the theory, 'True religion is the law of the sacred nation—that and nothing else.' And now this scribe [Paul] destroyed the whole of this theory, took Jesus away from the sacred nation and brought him to mankind." So, then, it was not the apostles "whom Jesus called while he lived on earth to whom he confided the real spirit of his message," its emancipating power, and its catholic, world-wide significance; but it was this great persecutor of the Christians who in a moment, as it were, leaped into leadership.

Now, the keynote of Paul's leadership, as we all very well know, was his marvelous, incisive message of freedom from law—a message which has been as inspiring and emancipating, and at the same time as much misunderstood, maligned, and travestied, as any idea which has ever become a working force in the life of mankind.

It was travestied and misunderstood at once, right there in those Greek cities where Paul came in contact with a kind of champagne effervescence of morality which translated freedom from law into the perfect propriety of doing whatever the inclination of the moment suggested. So these splendid letters of Paul, which deal with ideas so large that they seem cut out of the side of the mountain for very greatness, descend every here and there to deal with the most vulgar indecencies, the most commonplace dishonesties and immoralities, of people who had made the gospel of freedom the pretext for doing whatever they felt like doing. And it is on such a giddy band of converts as this, in that giddy town of Corinth, that he condescends to waste this splendid diction which embodies the thought we are following today: "All things are lawful to me, but all things edify not. All things are lawful, but I will not be brought under the power of any." It seems almost too bad, and entirely disproportionate, to be obliged to say such a thing as that to a man who was making of himself a common drunkard, or picking his neighbor's pocket, on the ground that he was under grace and not under law, and could therefore do as he pleased. We can almost see Paul hiding his face in his hands and exclaiming: "Did I, then, abandon Pharisaism and come unto the apostolate for such a thing as this!"

It was certainly a bad break. And it might almost have set a less courageous man to asking himself whether it did not indicate a weak place in his gospel of grace. It certainly was a weak place for weak men.

History has proved that over and over again. Paul himself admitted that his gospel was strong meat, and he spoke with regret of the necessity for going back and administering milk to babes, pointing out to them the first elements in his way of life, and guiding their infantile footsteps past the point where they wandered away from the path which led to self-reliant character, into the byways of license and caprice. And the subsequent years of Christian history are strewn with the wrecks of ships that have lost their way and gone to pieces on this vast sea of spiritual freedom which builds up character by the law of an inner necessity, and not by the law of an outer and formal requirement. The weak and the unsteady have foundered on this rock.

What I should like to have you see today is the perfect sanity and balance in this direction for life which Paul pointed out. It is the indictment of legalism and lawlessness in one swift, incisive comment—of legalism which enslaves and of lawlessness which makes shipwreck. There is a breadth and calmness about it which remind one of those lines in Matthew Arnold's "Summer Night." You will recall his description of the two classes of men—one the slaves of routine and of barren toil who die "unfreed, having seen nothing, still unblest;" and the other class who, through their very break with routine and restraint, lose their way on the vast sea of life and suffer shipwreck in the storm. And he asks:

> Is there no life but these alone?
> Madman or slave, must man be one?

And then, turning to the stainless heavens of the summer night, he makes his appeal:

> Ye heavens, whose pure dark regions have no sign
> Of languor, though so calm, and though so great,
> Are yet untroubled and unpassionate;
> Who, though so noble, share in the world's toil,
> And, though so task'd, keep free from dust and soil!
> . . . . You remain
> A world above man's head, to let him see
> How boundless might his soul's horizons be,
> How vast, yet of what clear transparency!
> How it were good to abide there, and be free;
> How fair a lot to fill
> Is left to each man still.

It is a parallel situation which Paul was meeting: on the one hand the slave of legalism, on the other the shipwreck of freedom; and his steady voice comes out of the eternal peace and calmness of the very heavens: "All things are lawful unto me, but I will not be brought under the power of any." "All things are lawful unto me"—that is a free man's defiance of legalism and its narrowing routine. "I will not be brought under the power of any"—that is even better than freedom. It is a strong man, with a vision of reality, making it clear that, whatever growth and spread of wings a man may have, it is still his daily task to walk among the realities and relationships of earth, and to walk there, not as a slave, but as a free man, doing duty, obeying law, walking in the narrow path of the day's routine, fulfilling the relationships which are prescribed in the human situation itself and which must

not be evaded: but doing it all with the sense of mastery of the whole situation, and with the determination not to be a slave, either in assuming the yoke or in putting it off. What a splendid liberty it is which asserts itself! "All things are lawful, but I will not be brought under the power of any." I can do whatever I please; but there is one thing I please not to do: I please not to be the slave of my own liberty.

Now, I find here in this maxim a lesson for our time; and it is a lesson naturally which looks in the two directions, as it steers its way so steadily here between the rock of legalism and the shoals of lawlessness.

Let us glance for a moment, then, in the first place, at the lesson which it brings to our modern legalism. Our modern legalism is quite another thing than the old theological legalism, than the type in which Paul had been brought up, and also than those ideas which were once so familiar and so vital to our Protestant theology. The religious controversy has nearly played itself out. The fires which raged around the questions of faith and works, of law and grace, are no longer hot enough, not only to burn a martyr in, but hardly to warm one's hands at. Theological and religious legalism is a thing of the past, or at least is in quiescence, destined doubtless to come to life in some form which accords more nearly with the reality of modern thinking.

But there is a widespread legalism of the social and

economic sort which is altogether vital in the life of today—a tendency to measure human relations and duties, or to evade responsibilities, upon the basis of existing laws; a disposition to take one's stand on the basis of what is already established, to magnify the letter, and to circumscribe the situation with that which has been writ.

There is a very true and significant sense in which the modern world has come to recognize itself as "free from the law"—in this sense, namely, that it beholds itself as a moving, and no longer as a stationary, world. The modern world is thinking in categories of growth, rather than of finality and authority. It looks back and sees everything as at once a germ and a seed. It looks forward and knows that the fruitage has not yet appeared. Now, when men thought of everything as final and fixed, as being in the state and character which had been stamped upon things at the outset, it was natural to fence all these things in with law—with law which became a barrier over which one might not pass. To know the law of a thing was to know its fixed nature, the form which had been given it once for all, not to be violated or transcended.

But how is it with a world which, in so many aspects, has come to be regarded as a moving and growing world? The physical world itself has come up through a long and troubled history. Races and tribes and nations are the organized expressions of a wonderful and continuous life. All these human ways of living which mark the relationship of men to one another

—the things we call liberties and rights—are likewise matters of growth, of continuous development and change, just as the world itself is, which lies at the basis of all.

Therefore there is no legalism so blind as that which fails to recognize this continuous principle of growth in human life, in human society and institutions. Men of the eighteenth century used to talk of natural rights, and they believed it possible to find these natural rights, clear and simple and uncorrupted, by getting back of all conventions and usages to the origins of social order. But no man looks now in that direction to find such things. He looks forward and ever forward. The only natural rights are those which become natural by being naturalized—by being won out of the stern conflict and made inalienable through that eternal vigilance which is the price of liberty and life. There is nothing which may not become a natural human right, if man gets large and wise enough to see it and claim it, to incorporate and organize it into the social fabric of which he is a part.

There are always some men who see that, in this tremendous clash and collision of human interests, there is always the prophecy of growth, that the very onset of force means that there is life down there in the heart of the struggle, and that the whole race of men is not doomed, like Matthew Arnold's slave, to die "unfreed, having seen nothing, still unblest." But there is a vast multitude of men so blinded by their own pecial and immediate interests that they do not see this.

They cannot trace the path of growth and the upward trend of life in these troubles and chastenings which are not for the moment joyous but grievous. So there is a very widespread appeal to law for the sake of protecting the mere status, of keeping things where they are, and of checking those instinctive and impulsive movements which have behind them the hunger of the human heart for ampler life.

And this is our modern legalism—the spirit which cries out "Law, law," when there is a deep and deathless force back of all things today, just as there was once back of all things now codified in forms and laws —a force which is pushing and compelling things on to a goal which the eye of no man has yet seen.

There is, then, the great need for some commanding and prophetic voice to proclaim to this world of our great social and industrial order that, in a certain real sense we are free from the law—that we live in this world of relationships under the régime of grace. There needs some great wise leadership to recognize the enlarging human rights in all these crude, inchoate clamorings of the multitude—to recognize them, to be patient with them, to make place for them, to preserve what is solid and enduring in the heritage of the past, and still to keep on building. The legalism which is demanded is not that which recognizes in law nothing but the guardian of vested interests, and which applies the brake at every possible emergency, but that rather which sees in law the pawl in the ratchet to keep the

spring from unwinding, in order that it may have power to move things forward and to make the hands mark time on the dial plate of the social order.

It is beyond the power of the mind to calculate the effect upon the social and industrial order of our day if there were in control a wise, far-seeing leadership which had the instinct of progress, and a perception of the law of progress; if the young men who come out of the laboratories and lecture-rooms of the universities, where they have caught some vision of the vast moving world, could carry over this vision and this law of growth when they come to take their fathers' places at the wheels of industry and traffic.

There needs some great, searching, far-reaching application of what is implied in the first sentence of these words of Paul: "All things are lawful for me." The surest way to preserve the sense of law and the respect for it is to sweep it into the stream of growth, and to see that a hundred things will be encompassed by law in the days to come, just as now a thousand things are so encompassed which had to win their place and privilege by coming, like the man from Bozrah, "red in his apparel and traveling in the greatness of his strength." There are a few men who, in the sore troubles thrust upon them in the conduct of modern industry and in dealing with men, recognize that, beneath blindness and stupidity, beneath human rage and selfish leadership, there are still some impelling forces of growth, without which men would willingly be slaves and do a slave's work. When the few men

who see this become the many, when the maddening appeal to law merely to support the status becomes a more generous recognition of what one New Testament writer calls "the law of liberty," then the way will become, not easy indeed, nor free from perplexity and the need of patience and breadth of view, but it will become clearer. It will become a kind of "way of the Lord," because it will have been co-ordinated with that greater process in accordance with which life from the outset has been shaped—a part of that "one divine event to which the whole creation moves."

Such is the message of Paul to the legalism of our time. Now, what is his message to the contrasted situation—the spirit of lawlessness, the freedom that misreads itself in terms of personal caprice? The challenge has here even a clearer ring, if possible, than before. "All things are lawful, but I will not be brought under the power of any."

A man is never really free until he can interpret his freedom in essentially that way. He may be subservient to the laws and customs and institutions which have grown up around him, and not have inner force and compelling desire enough to free himself from those things, remaining ever a blind, unheeding slave. In such case he certainly is not free. On the other hand, he may throw off the yoke—the fetter of social custom, of personal duty, of political allegiance; he may become a free lance in thought and in the conduct of life; but unless somewhere at length out of that freedom arises the sense of allegiance to what law and cus-

tom at the most were only tardily or clumsily expressing, once more he is not free. A man is not free until he cannot be brought under the power of anything external to the working of his own life, and until he brings himself under the power of those things which underlie life and every possibility of its growth. It is easy to see, I think, how many people are continually making shipwreck of themselves because they have thrown off the outer bondage, but have not recognized the inner bondage. They are not masters, in the sense that they cannot say: "I will not be brought under the power of any."

Take the world as it stands today, and what do we see? We see a great many people who have persuaded themselves that certain institutions and customs are antiquated and outgrown. Therefore they break with them. And to what end? In order that a higher and more effective law may come into control? Would that one might believe this to be oftenest the fact! But what we most commonly find, I fear, is the indictment of this, that, or the other thing, in order that some individual caprice may have play—in order that the compelling sanctions of duty which nestle in a given custom or institution may be branded as outgrown and thrown aside.

I cannot discover, for instance, that the people who indict the permanency of marriage as it is established in current law and custom are primarily concerned to find a basis for a nobler and finer family life, for a love which shall become the channel of the patient devo-

tions, the deepening sacrifices, the mutual adjustments out of which character slowly but surely forms. The indictment appears to be rather in the interest of some momentary preference, some passing fancy, some desire to escape the difficulties, the sacrifices, and the surrenders out of which have come the best fruits of character we have yet found.

I cannot find, again, that the anarchistic impulses which actually find expression are rooted in a deep and grave concern for better government, for a finer justice and a fairer chance for personal achievement, so much as in a discontent which has thought itself out to no conclusion and no programme whatsoever. Think of the fatuity, the disorganized medley of impulses, which must be lurking in the nest of lawless folk who could deliberately plot to assassinate the present head of our own government, who, whatever may be said by friend or foe, is at least an unmistakable democrat of the democrats!

Let us recognize that there is such a thing as the higher lawlessness, and that the true saviors of men are numbered with the transgressors. And doubtless in every age it is possible for men to get so rooted in custom, in tradition, and in the legal forms of right, that they are unable to distinguish the man who breaks the law from the upper side from the man who breaks it on the under side. They believe that Socrates is corrupting the young men of Athens, and they believe that Christ is destroying the law of Moses Therefore they crucify them both. But it is a far cry

from Socrates and Christ to the men whom Paul had in mind when he spoke that great clarifying word: "All things are lawful unto me, but I will not be brought under the power of any." There is no law against intemperance, gluttony, lust so all-compelling and persuasive as the inward law of self-control and self-respect which creates its own statute and enforces it. There is no commandment against robbery and lying which begins to have the sanction of that inner sense that we might rob our neighbor and lie to him, but that we will not. There is no probity like that which knows it might gain personal advantage and wealth, through manipulation of laws, through secret agreements, through subtle forms of bribery, and go unscathed, but which, knowing all these things, takes the ground of Paul: "I will not be brought under the power of any."

We need everywhere, then, a revival of the sense of obligation. We need to see, as with the clearness of the judgment day, that we are being daily judged by a law of *liberty* which is a *law* of liberty—an authority commanding as eternity itself, which binds us in on every side, which expresses itself in the common duties and the daily tasks, and which cannot be escaped, cannot be ignored, cannot be repudiated. There is only one thing that can be done with it: it can be obeyed. But we may obey it as slaves, who know not its meaning, and who toil on with dull eyes and unthinking hearts. We may obey it as children,

who have not yet learned its full meaning or the full use of their powers. Or we may obey it with freedom and gladness, and turn the commandment into a song. We shall be "free from the law" when we have found it to be a "law of freedom;" when it becomes to us, as Paul elsewhere said, "a schoolmaster" to lead us to Christ, under the spell of whose personality and in the atmosphere of whose spirit we shall learn to give spontaneous allegiance to what otherwise we might follow in slow and reluctant ways. And when we have found the free obedience and the obedient freedom which were his, we are no longer under a schoolmaster. We are free.

WORK

"Man goeth forth unto his work
And to his labor until the evening."
—Psalm 104:23.

X

WORK

The poet who set down these words in the familiar psalm was merely taking note of the orderly succession of natural events. He gives a picture of the obvious, yet always impressive, aspect of the outward world, and its effect upon a simple and unspoiled mind. There is the sky, with its changing glories. There are the hills and valleys, the seas and meadows, the wind and storm, the trees and the cattle, and the great rocks—the glint of light and the long shadows. These are always beautiful, and they always touch some deep places in our hearts, if we have kept our hearts true and sensitive to the great simplicities of life.

Now, these are the things which this poet of old time saw, and set down in the rugged simplicity of Hebrew verse; and into this picture of the natural world, with its charm and its fidelity, he puts the procession of men. He is not unmindful of the human factor. But he seems to see it as a part of the great panorama of the natural world: "Man goeth forth to his work and to his labor until the evening."

You see the shepherd going forth to open the door of the fold and lead the flock to the meadows, and beside the streams where the grass is green. You see the farmer turning the dark furrows with his plow or harvesting the yellow grain. You see the village carpenter with his rude tools in his little shop, the shav-

ings of the fragrant cedar curling from his plane. Yonder upon the Sea of Galilee you see the fishing-boats and the anxious fishermen casting their nets on this side and on that. And through the doorway of every cottage you behold the faithful and busy housewife taking up the cares of the day and looking after the comfort of her own. Take it altogether it is a picture of the wholesome and simple life which one may find in many places yet, on this ancient and teeming earth. Everywhere in all the vast and wonderful world there is the evidence of movement and activity, everywhere the spectacle of toil; and it is all a part of the endless procession of life.

This psalm comes home to me today as a kind of connecting link between the country and the city. It seems to carry over a note of interpretation from the quiet and simplicity in which mankind began its life, to that great complex of activities in the midst of which many of us are destined, or prefer, to live. If there is ever a time when we ought to join in this psalm, fervently and with intelligence, it is when we come face to face with life in a great city after we have had the breath of the hills upon us, or felt the mighty throb of the sea; or come somewhere in more close and vital contact with the great earth on which man is ceaselessly dependent for bread, and health, and happiness, and life. This psalm should be set down in our book of common worship as the psalm to be read after a sojourn in the country. And then perhaps you will enjoy as a companion lyric some verses

altogether modern, but which have something of the same feeling and spirit as the old psalm, and which certainly could have been written only by one who was himself once a farmer's lad:

Let me follow in the furrow while you turn the black soil over;
Let me breathe the smell of Mother Earth I have not known so long.
Here last summer through the sun and rain grew timothy and clover,
Here again I feel my heart alive with all the joy of song.
Though I come each spring-returning to the same instinctive rapture,
It could never be more wonderful a transport than today.
Let me follow in the furrow that my heart may so recapture
The dreams that chased the swallow's flight and lost it far away.

. . . . . .

Let me feel the early passions and the primal instincts thrilling
Every deadened inspiration of the plowshare and the sod,
Till the warm, moist earth with ecstasy my eager soul is filling,
Such as led my steps in boyhood when the plowman's path I trod.
Here the corn shall lift its greenness while the rain-washed winds blow over,
Till it bears the wealth of summer where the dark stalks droop and sway.
Let me follow in the furrow, every sense an idle rover,
With dreams that chased the swallow's flight and lost it far away.

But this, after all, is by way of prelude. I am not here today to present a brief in behalf of the bucolic life, nor to join in the wail over the noise and confusion of a great city. I do not come back to my post

in any spirit of pining for the dear New England hills, which I love with all the passion of one who was born among them. For I love this place too, this teeming and tumultuous town with its hidden prophecies of a great future, and more and more I prize the privilege of standing here among men who help to shape its life and who have part in its great destiny. But just as one, by skilful development of a photographic negative, is able to accentuate and throw into prominence some feature which lies among the half-lights on the plate, so I ask you today to bring to the forefront that which drops as an incidental and parenthetic element into this psalm written in praise of the natural world. Let us accentuate and survey for a little this ceaseless human fact, of ever-changing form and interest—the fact of work. For it was, after all, man in the act of toil which this poet put into his idyl of simplicity and peace. And it is about man's work that I should like to say something today.

Through the history of language itself one may thread his way back to the most fundamental ideas. If you start with our strong Anglo-Saxon "work" as such a thread, you will wind back and back until at last you are face to face with the word which reappears in our English word for "energy." And there you are down to bed-rock: work—energy; the one the counterpart and interpretation of the other. On the one hand the ceaseless expression of force, of vitality, of energy welling up out of the universe itself; on the other hand the human activity which, under control of the intelli-

gence of man, shapes and directs this universal energy to wise and beneficent ends. The work of man is that which gives coherence, and value, and purpose to the energy of the world.

I am perfectly aware that a definition of work of this sort might awaken a smile of derision in some quarters. The association of amalgamated tramps would cry out at once: "Coherent humbug! Work is just work; and it's hard and dreadful—a good deal easier to run away from than to do." Then there are some who still intrench themselves behind the primitive biblical conception of labor as a curse. It is urged that man was set to earn his bread in the sweat of his brow only because he sinned and fell; and that but for his fall he would even now, with all his descendants, be eating the fruits of the garden as they fell into his indolent lap. And we are reminded that the Bible which at the beginning stigmatizes labor as a curse is ever looking forward to man's release from toil, and as its highest reward points to the day when "the saints shall rest from their labors."

This primitive view of labor as a curse, which necessarily would be reflected in the primitive scriptures of the race, has had a long and mighty hold upon men. It has affected human jurisprudence. The law sentences the prisoner to hard labor in the penitentiary. The "hard labor" is an intended punishment. It is part of the penalty of wrong-doing. But in reality what a blessing in disguise—not to be mentioned with the terror of sentencing a man to hard and continued idle-

ness in the penitentiary! The beneficent aspect of work thus leaks out through man's very effort to make it the highest expression of contempt and penalty.

Thus through this twofold tendency—on the one hand a certain native indolence which shirks activity, and on the other the doctrine long fastened upon us that labor is the primitive curse of God upon the disobedience of man—the world has naturally grown up into a somewhat warped and gnarly notion of what human labor really is, and how it gears into the eternal creative energy of the whole world, the creative activity of the divine life itself. Phillips Brooks once remarked:

> The strangest thing about work is the way in which all men praise it, and yet all men try to get away from it. . . . . There is no live man who does not feel a certain excited sense of admiration, a certain satisfaction, a certain comfort that things are right, when he stands where men are working their hardest, where trade is roaring or the great hammers are deafening you as they clang upon the iron. Everywhere work, and the approval of work! and yet everywhere the desire to get away from work!

And doubtless there have been certain aspects of human toil which have almost justified the misconception. We can certainly enter with heartfelt sympathy into the feelings of the tired, worn-out woman who had drudged and slaved all her life. "What are you going to do when you go to heaven?" she was asked. "First of all," was the weary and touching reply, "I am going to sit down in some nice pleasant place and do nothing for a thousand years."

So it sometimes seems a long way from the caricatures of human indolence or human ignorance to the

thought of labor as the gearing of man's energy into the divine and world-wide energy. Nay, rather (for that is too mechanical a view of it), it is the putting-forth of human energy in order that the world-energy may find a voice. To work is to give coherence, and value, and purpose to the powers, and forces, and material which man finds about him. That is the work into which all men may put courage and hope, and in which they may find joy. "Blessed is the man," John Burroughs has somewhere remarked, "who has some occupation in which he can put his heart, and which affords a complete outlet to all the forces there are in him."

Now, I want to speak very briefly of three profound influences which are exerting a vast and radical modifying effect upon the meaning of human work and our attitude toward it. It is being influenced by industrial forces, by artistic impulses, and by the general educational progress.

Let us note, in the first place, for a moment, the influence of the industrial forces upon the fact and the conception of labor. In its superficial aspect this influence is a protest; for the time being, and notably in the great centers of industry, it is often a bitter protest. It is labor set over against capital. It is industry of brawn claiming its rights against industry of brain. It is the effort to accomplish by political forces what can never really be gained except by the triumph of personal forces—character, and breadth of view, and a

larger vision of life. It is oftentimes a striking-out in the dark, hitting friend and foe, or hitting nothing at all.

I not infrequently congratulate myself that I have the privilege of preaching to a congregation of men who work, and of men who have the obligation of toil upon them. I should not wish to preach to any other. But, in the midst of such wholesome reflections as that, one can scarcely miss the humor of recalling how very few of you would be considered welcome candidates to join in the procession on Labor Day. What an amusing and instructive situation it presents—a group of men who labor confessedly, but who are not laboring men; a company of men who are industrious but who could not be admitted to the ranks of industry. You could not come with your ledgers, nor you with your schoolbooks, nor you with your professor's lecture, nor you with your lawyers' brief, nor you with your physician's case, nor you with your architect's blueprints in your hand. Nor do I suppose that the fact that I have hammered and sawed and planed and nailed all summer in a little labor enterprise of my own, and for days long enough to make the walking delegate turn gray, would furnish the least credential to the labor procession, so long as the tell-tale sermon was anywhere in sight.

This is one of the penalties which must perforce be suffered in passing through an era of industrial reconstruction—the penalty of laboring and being regarded an idler by those who have appropriated the name of

worker. It is the penalty of having some of the best work, the most necessary and precious of human contributions, discounted in behalf of that which is the most primitive and elementary in character. Almost anyone can drive nails and lay brick (I speak from experience), but "the hand that rounded Peter's dome" is not attached to the body of every workman. Almost any immigrant, five minutes after landing at Ellis Island, can begin digging a ditch, but they are few in all the world who can mold a Venus, or a Minute Man such as looks down the road from Lexington Common, or a group of the Great Lakes such as emanates from genius nearer home.

It is easy to feel bitter and sore over the misconceptions which grow out of ignorance and blindness. But it is far better to be patient and tolerant and to wait. What matters it that men think you don't work if you really do, and if you are conscious in your heart that you are sincerely trying to make some contribution to the welfare of the world? Down underneath all the industrial ferment of today I am sure we may see clearly this one fact, that all labor is compelled to justify itself as genuinely and really labor. It must not be idleness under the guise of work. It must not be gambling under the form of trade. It must not be theft under the protection of law. That is the heart of the industrial protest. And one day it will be perfectly clear again that a man may work through any of the countless avenues of human activity, and it will be recognized as work. The thing which will not pass

muster and will not survive, and does not deserve to survive, is the mock-labor—the countless tricks and evasions which, given rein, would turn the whole world of men into a veritable gambling hell. Do you recall those pregnant lines of Edwin Markham's, who, looking down on the Wall Street pit, describes its hell of faces swirling and surging, and all for what?

> A handful of bright sand,
> To buy a shroud with and a length of earth.

And then he turns to think of the truer and saner ways of life:

> Wiser the plowman with his scudding blade,
> Turning a straight fresh furrow down the field—
> Wiser the herdsman whistling to his heart,
> In the long shadows at the break of day—
> Wiser the fisherman with quiet hand,
> Slanting his sail against the evening wind.

Let us be perfectly sure that a Labor Day will come, and the basis of admission to the procession, or rejection from it, will be that which the great Master forecast in his parable: "Lo, thou hast been faithful over a few things. I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy lord."

And now a word regarding the reinterpretation of labor under the influence of the artistic spirit. To my mind there is no more hopeful token of progress than that which emanates from the determination to see the quality of beauty in all sincere human handiwork, and to find some genuine joy in the doing of it. It betokens,

in the first place, a new baptism of art. For art has oftentimes concerned itself with the mere frills of life. It has been occupied with some dainty prettiness, or has catered to an aristocratic love of display. The artist, like the court-fool, has danced attendance to kings and queens. It makes one sad and indignant to think of men of the genius of Rubens painting their holy families, and most prominent of all in the foreground the full-length portrait of some fat burgher whose ducats furnished the wherewithal. The artist has felt under the necessity of finding a patron; and to come under patronage is the surest way to open the door to the prostitution of one's work. The man who is not free to express what he sees, what he thinks, what he feels, is a slave, no matter how grand or lofty the work he does.

One of the most significant forces working in human life today, proceeding as an impulse and vision of the artistic spirit, is the tendency to look for beauty and its satisfaction in all the products of our human toil. There is a grace and charm which enters into the simplest fabrics and the commonest objects of daily use. It finds its way there because there is a deep instinct for beauty in the human heart. It may need tutoring and culture, but it does not need divorce from daily life, and from the uses and needs of daily life. You do not need a villa in order to surround yourself with that which gives grace and expresses the love of beauty—harmonious colors, and simple forms that are sincere and sturdy and honest. You may have them

even in a rented flat, if you are patient and adroit. And, unless somehow these things are in you as a grace of spirit, you cannot have them even if you have the villa; for you cannot say to the decorator and upholsterer: "Go to now. Make me a lovely house."

Someone has truly remarked that "the supreme reaches of life in what man creates, and in what expresses his truest individuality, are utterly dead to the idea of profit; there is nothing to exchange them for." And William Morris, who is the source of so much of the modern artistic impulse, observes that "the only real way to enjoy life is to accept all its necessary ordinary details and turn them into pleasures by taking interest in them." It is this impulse which is certain to transform eventually much of life, because it teaches us to look for the expression of beauty in the things of use and in the products of toil, and not as an appendage which can be had and appreciated only by the elect.

Finally, then, a word as to the influence of educational progress upon our thought of human toil. I shall find it hard not to say here what I have said a hundred times. For it grows more and more evident that the forces of education are making havoc of two things which the older culture counted dear—scholasticism and aristocracy. It is not that more people are getting educated, and more schools getting established, and the public school system ramifying into the field of higher education in the greater number of our states.

The significant thing, rather, is the wide conception of what education is.

There is, indeed, great peril, under the pressure of the practical and utilitarian spirit, that we should come to lose the sense of the value there is in what have been called the humanities and the cultural aspects of education: but there is, perhaps, quite as much danger that the humanity and the culture should leak out of these things, and that nothing should be left but an arid pedantry—and the old notion that the book-man is the only educated man in the community.

There was once a man, and he had a son—I am giving you now a little story of real life; for I knew the man, and I know the son. The man was a clergyman of the fine scholarly type. He loved books, and he loved to live among them, and he had a gracious spirit, and did his good work in his own good and profitable way. And he had a son. And one day this son, then a little fellow, came with great glee into his father's study and showed him a little toy that he had carved out with his knife. It was very ingenious. And he had actually succeeded in making it go by some mechanism within it. And the boy was very proud and happy, and he naturally wanted to show it to his father. And I suppose he thought his father might —well we can imagine what he supposed his father might do. But this is what his father did, this good man who loved a good book. He looked up from the page long enough to give this boyish product a hasty glance, and said: "Yes, yes, that is very good. But

when will you ever learn to love your books?" The father never knew, but this is what the boy did—he never told anyone until he grew up, and married, and told his wife; but he carried his toy back to the woodshed, and with tears of disappointment in his eyes took the ax and smashed it to bits.

There is a city, one of the loveliest cities in the land; and into this city, ten or a dozen years ago, came a young architect. And as I have gone back to this city from time to time I have been filled with admiration for the fine quality, the originality, the sincerity, of a considerable number of public buildings, as well as many private residences, which have been committed to this architect. His sense of design and his sense of color are superb. His work has already acquired distinction, and his professional service is already in wide demand throughout the state which he has made his home. And this young architect was the little lad who went disappointed out of his father's study, with his father's question ringing in his ears: "When will you ever learn to love your books?"

Now, this story is symptomatic of a great change that is going on in subtle and unnoticed ways. We are coming to see that books are tools of the mind for one who knows how to use them, and who is called to use that kind of tool. But they are only one kind of tool. A man is not educated because he possesses books, nor necessarily because he has read them. He is educated only if he knows how to use these instruments in creative activity of his own. And that is the case with

every tool and instrument which a man uses. What does he do with it? How wise and broad-minded and skilful and original is he, in making his individual powers the interpreter of the powers and forces in the world around him? That is the criterion of culture, the test of the educated man. All else is pedantry; and pedantry is the starvation of life.

In conclusion, then, let me ask you to think about your work—to bring it to the test of these searching judgments which are sweeping over the face of the world. Think about it as an expression of your personal life. Think of it as the means given you to give body and coherence and aim to the great universe-forces. And then, if in your imagination you can identify these universe-forces with the wisdom and love of God, the one who with us lives and works, you will be able to rise to the point of view which Christ took—that point of view which becomes both light and inspiration: "My Father worketh continuously, and so do I." That is the highest reach of the human spirit, to conceive of one's work as a part of the divine activity itself. The daily life, with its tasks and occupations, its duties and its cares, its problems to solve, its burdens to carry, its beauty to appreciate and enjoy —all these become an echo and reflection of what the infinite activity itself is. And then—

> The trivial round, the common task,
> Will furnish all we ought to ask—
> Room to deny ourselves; a road
> To bring us daily nearer God.

"WHERE THERE IS NO VISION THE PEOPLE PERISH"

"Where there is no vision the people perish."—Proverbs 29:18.

XI

"WHERE THERE IS NO VISION THE PEOPLE PERISH"

In the history of language, "vision" and "wisdom" spring from the same tap-root; and that root is the old Saxon word "wit." The man who has wit is at once the man who knows and the man who sees. The wise man is the seer.

But wisdom has a great range and scope. Like the walls of the New Jerusalem, it has gates on all sides, and the gates are open day and night. There is, first, a wisdom which sees and understands the past; gathers up the fragments of bygone experience in order that nothing may be lost. It perpetuates the deeds of men and the career of nations. In the form of maxim and precept, of biography and history, it reflects upon the past and gives us counsel thereby. It is the wisdom of the sage.

There is another kind of wisdom which grasps the present. It lays hold of the immediate reality. It tries to understand the fact and bring it clearly into view. It is the wisdom of explanation and description, or what we commonly call the wisdom of science.

Now there have been periods of revolt when the past seemed like an incubus to be thrown off—eras like those of Rousseau and Shelley, when for one brief and feverish moment it seemed possible to build the world anew. There have been men like Alphonso of

Castille, who regretted that he was not present at creation, because he could have given the Creator such excellent advice. But such eras and such manner of thought appear to us now essentially unreal and grotesque. They voiced a wisdom which was not wise in the power of the backward look. There was no true sense of the past, no clear vision of history, no adequate perception of the law and significance of growth. Revolt and rebellion are at times unavoidable expedients of progress; but they are not the things by means of which we live. Therefore the first formula and application of our proverb would be that without a true perspective and vision of the past the people perish.

But, again, there are other ages which have lost their grip on the present. And when there flows from life the blood of reality, when there fade the health and strength which come from the iron and tonic of fact, life takes on the pallor of death. Therefore every little while there must needs come a renaissance in literature, in art, in education, and in religion. Commonly such movements have their origin in a clearer grasp of some forgotten reality in nature or in humanity. The claims of science, and the protests of realism in literature and art, are in the main wholesome; for they ask us to be wise in the wisdom which comes from a better understanding of the life immediately around us. They rest upon the principle that without the vision of the present the people perish.

Therefore we need at least these two kinds of wis-

dom: the wisdom of the sage and the wisdom of science, both the vision of the past and the vision of the present. For where there is no insight into the value of experience, and where there is no grasp of living reality and immediate fact, the people perish. There is no greatness or power or sweep of life without the two.

But this is not yet all. There remains the supreme order of vision which sees the future. By usage and general consent we have come to think of the seer or prophet as fulfilling a function which supplements and corrects the perceptions of the man who deals with past experience alone, or the man who is occupied with present fact alone. The vision of the seer reaches the future, yet not in the capacity of magician or predictor of events. It penetrates the future, not as a segment of time, but rather as a fulfilment of the fragmentary and partial life which has already come into view. It is not given to any man to see life as a whole, to behold it in its completed meaning; but it is given him to see those tendencies and currents which indicate the whole. No man can see around the earth, but he may measure its majestic curve when he stands on the shore of the sea and watches the great ships pass beyond the horizon. And that is something greater, at least something in addition to the power of tracing the rivers that flow into the sea from their far-away mountain springs, or marking the rise and fall of the tides upon the shore. And this capacity which man has, which perhaps all men have to some degree.

and which the race has representatively in its seers and prophets—this capacity for measuring the part by the whole, for reading the true meaning and purpose of the fragments of life as they come and go—is perhaps the highest order of vision, without the exercise of which life is indeed a poor and perishing thing. And it was perhaps of this the old writer was thinking in particular when he wrote his proverb: "Where there is no vision the people perish."

Now, it is altogether unnecessary to try to define the relative values of these three kinds of wisdom. They cannot be partitioned or sundered one from another. It is easy to see that neither, by itself, leaves life complete or capacious. The man who is wise in the past alone, and who clings to experience as the sole wisdom, becomes a hide-bound traditionalist, a conservative with whom one will not wish to live. The man, again, who is wise only in the measure of fact and the keen scent for the immediate reality, is likely to be a hard, matter-of-fact, unimaginative kind of person, oblivious of the things that soften the asperities of life and irradiate its tasks and burdens with gleams of hope. And the man who takes interest only in the future is a visionary and a dreamer, with whom you must soon part company if you are to keep your feet on the earth at all.

If you could really incarnate in one person the wisdom which appreciates and treasures all the experience of the past, interpreting the slow process of growth, and conserving all truth as a great and sacred

tradition; and the wisdom which comes from a clear perception of the actual need and opportunity of the moment, launching out on that tide which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; and then combine with this the wisdom which sees the drift of things, measures the arc which has not yet swung into sight, and gears into the purpose which through the ages runs—you would then have a wise man and a capacity of vision which would be great and clear enough to keep the whole race of man swinging in its orbit, or moving on to its distant goal. The three kinds of wisdom must commonly supplement each other in different personalities. Each gains ascendency at different times and receives emphasis in disconnected ways.

Therefore, if I seem to lay chief stress upon the wisdom which looks ahead, let me not be misunderstood as ignoring the immense significance of that wisdom which rests solidly upon achieved experience, or that other wisdom which springs to meet the need and opportunity of today. It is only because here is the gleam of tomorrow upon our yesterdays and our todays, that I ask you to look up and see the meaning of the gleam, and beg you, like the young mariner of Tennyson:

> Call your companions,
> Launch your vessel,
> And crowd your canvas,
> And, ere it vanishes
> Over the margin,
> After it, follow it,
> Follow the gleam.

It would be interesting to follow the principle into some of its larger, world-wide relations; to see in it what might be called the "law of nations;" to note how invariably the nation which loses the leadership of its men of vision sinks into torpor and decay; how, as the great prophet of Israel expressed it in his rugged Hebrew rhetoric, "when their eyes the prophets are closed, and their heads the seers are covered, the book of life becomes a sealed book and no man can open the seals." "Those are the great days and that the heroic age," as Mr. Gilder says so nobly in his verse, when men stand

> Guarding the country's honor as their own,
> And their own as their country's and their sons'—
> Defying leagued fraud with single truth;
> Not fearing loss; and daring to be pure.

And this means that, wherever men have some ideal and some standard of welfare that towers above the immediate and transient interest, they are laying hold of imperishable values. We shall not perish, we shall have everlasting life, so long as we have some vision of the value of the eternal goods, and some resolute hold upon them.

It was in the spirit of the very highest, far-reaching statesmanship that one of our countrymen some time since wrote these words:

> America, with her vision of a completed democracy, an equality of opportunity, an aristocracy of character, her politics based on moral issues, seems to hold the future of civilization in her hands. America, the victim of her own prosperity, blinded by the very brightness of her real possessions so that she cannot

see her ideal interests; America, sunk in mammonism, and dilettantism and self-indulgence, would be abandoning her leadership and surrendering to social revolution and decay. She would be like a city which cannot be taken from without, but is captured by conspirators from within. It is her ideals which keep her from a sensualism as base as that of Greece, and a decline more rapid than that of Rome.

That reads almost like a chapter out of Isaiah. It is the same thing in purport, and it makes one realize the tremendous significance of the evident revival of the sense of righteousness which is now sweeping over the nation, laying hold of a reluctant Congress, forcing itself upon the attention of opportunist leaders who follow the line of least resistance and approve disinterested action only when it looks like a new form of self-interest. To keep alive this new conviction of righteousness; to save it from narrowness and hysteria; to ally it with the stable and enduring forces of national life; to keep alive the sense of destiny—that certainly is to keep the vision of the imperishable and lay hold of everlasting life.

It would be interesting to follow the truth of our proverb into these world-wide and general applications. But just because they are so general we might lose something of the vividness of personal appeal. Therefore I wish to bring it into a narrower and more individual range of application.

I should like to indicate its bearing for just a moment on those varying pursuits of our individual lives that we call our vocations. Our vocation is literally our calling and our calling is that to which

we have been driven, either unconsciously by some inward urge of the spirit, or by the mere accident of the situation. We have long been accustomed to speak of men being "called to the ministry." But there should be no monopoly of the term by that single field of service. Such monopoly has helped to breed hypocrisy and complacency in far too many, and, what is worse, it seems to surrender other pursuits and undertakings of life to a different law and a lower motive. The word "vocation" should be put forever on the shelf, or else so enlarged in scope as to cover every honorable work in human life and every man who enters nobly into any work.

Now, both the work and the man are saved from perishing by the large view which connects the individual with the whole, and his little work with the vast labor working to an end. The great difference between men working in the same profession is frequently just a difference of vision, the perception which one has and another misses, of an end to which the work is means, of an inspiring whole of which the work is part.

At one end of the lawyer's profession is the pettifogger, with his small and contemptible ways; at the other end, the man with a large grasp of the principles which have slowly crystallized through the years—a hold upon that framework of custom which gives to society its stability and its stature. It is a difference of vision.

At one end of the teacher's craft is the mere

schoolmaster, with his wooden ideas, his deadening influence upon the forming life of the child; at the other end, the genuine teacher, who quickens into life and invites every dormant power to alertness and to growth. It is a difference of vision.

At one end of the preacher's group is the priest peddling out his dead traditions and vaunting his small authorities; at the other end is the prophet who is never so happy as when he finds a human heart responding to the message which glows within his own. It is a difference of vision.

In the method of manual training which is finding its way here and there into our schools, there are some who see only a device for getting boys and girls a little sooner into the harness of bread-winning. There are others who cherish it first of all because it brings the child into creative relation with the materials and instruments of life, thus freeing human powers, and becoming educative in the highest sense. It is once more a difference of vision.

I chanced to be with a friend of mine one day this summer when he was making a small purchase in a hardware store. As we came out he pocketed his purchase, and with a glow of real pleasure on his face exclaimed: "I love a store!" He was not a merchant or trader himself; but I was sure that I could understand the feeling of one who is by instinct and all the inward call of his powers elected by God to be a trader. I should be sorry to feel that there were not some men in the world who are elected to

that calling, within which there may be the same range and difference of vision as in other callings. A man may be a mere "hoss trader," in the traditional sense of the word; but he may also have a sense of what the exchange of values means to the welfare of all men who derive convenience and advantage from the presence of the trader in the world. George Macdonald, in one of his early stories, describes a store in heaven. There is no reason why there should not be. And they would surely be directed by merchant princes in the very highest sense of the word.

The important thing to see is that we cannot segregate human vocations, calling some of them high and others low. "Nothing is common or unclean which God hath cleansed." Every high calling may become low and vulgar if held to low aims, and every low calling may become high if geared to a worthy motive and a noble purpose. Where there is no vision the people perish, the vocation shrivels, the man becomes a dwarf.

Let me now for a moment bring the subject to a still narrower range of personal application. The truth that is coming home to our time, almost with the force of a new revelation, is the truth that character is formed, and the growing life established on the rock, not so much by precept and injunction as by imitation, and by response to living and real interests by which one is surrounded. One of the most thoughtful of our younger contemporaries has written

a book, of very great practical interest and value, on *The Boy Problem*. I suppose there may be such a thing as "the girl problem;" but there is at any rate a "boy problem." The writer recognizes what all teachers and investigators know—that one responds to the dominant interest. Therefore you cannot chastise into virtue; perhaps not do very much to preach into virtue; certainly not to scold into it. But you may magnetize the soul by the electric currents of great interests and appeals so that they will unconsciously attract, and finally control.

Dr. Tufts in a recent address says that

> conscious personal life gets its technique of control largely through suggestions from other persons. Contagious sympathy broadens the capacity for feeling; home, and all the later agencies of association, both offer opportunity for impulses to find real development and give steadying support to the gradually forming will. . . . . I cannot, merely by taking thought, will to be wise, to control passion, to enjoy the refinements of civilization, any more than I can will to add a cubit to my stature.

All this is profoundly true, and it helps us to see that, if we would save the generations from deterioration, and keep men from moral perishing, we must do it, not by precept or command so much as by the substitution of interests which will do their own preaching and commanding. Crowd your child with interests, if you want to help and keep him. If the dominant interests do not come from the higher side, they will come from the lower. And the parable of Christ will come true, as it has again and again, in most fearful ways, that the house that was swept and garnished

will be invaded by the unclean spirits. Crowd your child with interests that will kindle the imagination, appeal to the feeling, and so control the will, and establish character. That is the vision which keeps from perishing.

One further word in conclusion. I want to ask you to take this proverb of the ancient wise man and see in it a true statement of the appeal which the church, with its worship and associations, and its organizations of the higher claims of life, ought reasonably to make to us, the people of today. Whatever else it stands for, it ought surely to stand for the vision of life—for that large appeal to the imagination which shall inspire and sustain and strengthen us for all the strain and the friction which life entails. It is not the loss of the authority of the church of which we need stand in fear; for the church throughout its history hitherto has claimed an authority and exercised prerogatives which cannot be permanently sustained. It is not the loss of its authority, but the loss of its inspiration—a prerogative as yet too little tested—of which we need have gravest concern.

And it is the willingness of men to withdraw from sources of uplift and inspiration which we must conceive to be the imminent peril of multitudes upon multitudes. So blind and heedless are men that they do not see that there is already many a church which has no ambition or desire to exercise authority, to dictate belief, or to control the details of conduct; which does

aspire to illumine, and quicken, and inspire; to give some sense of the largeness of life; to quicken hope, and the joy of service, and the sense of the worth of life, and the value of human comradship; and to quicken the capacity for faith, which one has nobly called "the sense and call of the open horizon; faith, which is the frailest thing we know, yet the least perishable, for it is a tongue of the central fire that burns at the heart of the world."

Now, the church which conceives its mission to be of such a character possesses the power of vision which can preserve and keep from perishing. May we not conceive our own mission to be such as this? And may we not make the response, and give the allegiance and support which such a mission invites?

If the fire upon the altar of the public life is to burn without dimness, it must be fed by the vestals of our hearts' purest faith and loyalty. And this is why we worship. This is the meaning and the power of the religious life. It is because life perishes without its visions, and because we cannot see the vision clearly in the marts and press of life, that we need such moments as these, and such a place as this. And to just the degree that our human life increases in complexity and range, its reasonable meaning pressing on us more and more, does there increase also our need of vision and of uplift and of inspiration.

There is a symphony of Hayden's which bears the name of the "Farewell Symphony." It was played on the evening before Hayden said a sad goodbye to a

scene of pleasant work. And it was arranged that as the symphony went on one player after another should stop playing, take up his musical instrument, his stand and candle, and go out. Thus one after another ceased and departed, the music growing fainter, the lights dimmer, until at last Hayden the master was left alone. Then, taking his stand and his leader's baton, he too went silently off the stage.

My friends, the hour has not yet come for the farewell symphony of the religious life to be played. And it will never come. The hour cometh, and still is, when we may worship the Father in Spirit and in truth—in truth—with the homage of entire sincerity, and the allegiance of honest minds and undimmed vision. It is not opportune for any man to take his light and his instrument and depart. It is time rather to complete the ranks, to fill every empty chair in the orchestra, and to become eager and jubilant participants in the triumphal march which shall voice the hopes, the aspirations, and the dreams of every human heart.

THREE MARKS OF ESSENTIAL CHRISTIANITY

"Upon this rock I will build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."—Matthew 16:18.

XII

THREE MARKS OF ESSENTIAL CHRISTIANITY

While some of you have been wandering this summer through various lands and cities of the Old World, I found a brief opportunity to observe, at closer range than commonly, a little portion of the Old World still surviving here on the frontier of the New World. The city of Montreal, only less quaint and ancient than her sister-city of Quebec, is still full of the monuments of that master-religion of authority which dominated the life of Europe for more than a thousand years and is still dominant wherever the Latin races thrive. Immensely interesting and prosperous and thronged are the cathedrals of Montreal. Schools, convents, colleges occupying every prominent and desirable location; processions of nuns; processions of parochial children; quaint-garbed priests at every turn, in evidence everywhere. The casual visitor is made to feel the tremendous impressiveness of these visible tokens of religious authority. And when you stand within the cathedral on the open square which is in form and detail a reproduction of St. Peter's, you feel for a moment as though Rome herself, with all her subtle splendor and embodied power, had been transferred to the New World. Here are the same familiar features of the Renaissance architecture which marked the period and the work of Michael Angelo; here, under the great

dome, the same altar with its somber, twisted columns supporting the canopy; and there over your head, around the base of the dome, the same Latin inscription—those warm, personal, affectionate words of Jesus spoken to an impulsive disciple, and which have been crystallized into a warrant of eternal authority through these twenty hundred years: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell (the massive portals of the underworld) shall not prevail against it."

This has been the warrant and weapon of a religion of authority which has cowed men or rallied them, commanded or inspired them, in turn. And as you wander through the ancient streets of the city you wonder that anything could arise in human life powerful or persuasive enough to prevail against these visible emblems of strength, this authority incarnate in massive piles of stone, appealing everywhere to the eyes and the imagination, rooted firmly in every institutional growth, perpetuating the memory of its saints in the very names of its streets. You get a fresh impression of the sheer momentum of an authority-religion which has succeeded in finding an incarnation for itself in those forms which mold a people's life. And for a moment, as you stand there dominated by the might of it all, you almost assent to the old words in the sense which the church has read into them, and you exclaim: "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it; the tides of civilization shall not crumble it; the devouring inroads of freedom, of research, of

doubt, shall not encroach upon its integrity and its adamantine security."

But once you are away from this visible appearance of power, this impression of an undimmed vitality; once you are across the frontier, and set down in the midst of a civilization which was decreed to be a Saxon and not a Latin civilization on the day when the tide of battle turned against Montcalm on the heights of Quebec, you find yourself facing a different situation and occupied with untangling the knot of another problem entirely. For the forces which were set in motion by Columbus and Luther, by Copernicus and Gutenberg—the forces which embody man's new sense of the greatness of the world, and the release of every human power—these have combined to create conditions with which the gray, massive cathedrals of neither the Old World nor the New can cope. A religion of mere authority cannot permanently survive in a civilization dominated by personal prowess, by intellectual freedom, by political democracy. And it is these forces of prowess, of freedom, and of democracy which have conquered and transformed the modern world, which have built up our commerce and industry, our science and art, our governments and our politics, and which have, at the same time, seemed to leave the influence and authority of religion stranded upon a shore from which the tide has ebbed. How astounding it would seem today in any free Saxon land for an ecclesiastic to demand, what was demanded of Galileo, the recantation of a scientific

opinion! How impossible for a churchman to dictate the fate of empire and the course of governmental history, as Hildebrand, a thousand years ago, dictated to Emperor Henry! How insignificant is the growing revolt against a merely ecclesiastical regulation of even such a question as divorce, and the sentiment that marriage, with all its seriousness and import, stands sanctioned before a tribunal which underlies the tribunal of the church! How steadily and surely the state has separated itself from the church, so that, whereas our ancient universities, our Harvards and Yales, were founded in the piety of the fathers who looked upon these institutions primarily as feeders of the church, now everywhere the university springs up as a part and parcel of the educational system of every state, not only independent of the church, but ofttimes looking at it somewhat askance!

It has come to pass, therefore, that instead of great, gray cathedrals, standing as the impregnable citadels of a spiritual authority, the visible witness that the gates of hell cannot prevail against it, we have great gray piles of embodied commerce, or great gray piles which stand for intellectual freedom and fearless research—everywhere the evidence of activity, of courage, of awakened power. And, in the midst of it all, the church, which seemed so impregnable and so mighty, appears shattered and palsied and speechless. Men do not hesitate to say that religion has lost its authority. Its voice is not heeded. Its appeals do not stir. It is a time aptly described by that signifi-

cant title of one of Wagner's music-dramas, the *Gotterdämmerung:* it is the "twilight of the gods," the dusk of faith.

It behooves us then, who represent religion, who still believe in its real power and supremacy, to ask ourselves in what sense these gathering impressions are true. And we are privileged to ask the question, not as defenders of an authority-religion, but from the vantage-ground of those who recognize the claims of intellectual freedom, and who have faith in democratic ideals, faith in man and his progress. From this vantage-ground, have we the right and privilege of inscribing upon the base of our own dome, in letters of light, the words in the old cathedral: "Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it?"

We have that right. We may claim that confidence. And, as time goes on, I am sure we shall more clearly see the meaning and the ground for such a claim.

And today I want to indicate in barest outline three reasons—three paths which converge toward just this triumphant and invincible conclusion. And if we brush from our eyes the whole spectacle of ecclesiastical pagentry and power, if we put out of mind for the time being all the familiar and ordinary ways we have of measuring the influences and growth of the church, we shall be able without difficulty to follow these paths and discover their goal.

Let us be concerned now only with this one in-

quiry: On what kind of rock was Jesus in reality building? What is it that makes his faith and his way of life impregnable, certain of the future, certain of all time?

First of all, and perhaps the most important of all, Jesus built upon the value of the person—the worth of a man to himself because he had worth in the eyes of God. Jesus called it the value of the soul. He asked: "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" And through long years of fruitful history his followers have labored for the salvation of the souls of men. They have been ofttimes too forgetful and too ignorant of the way the soul "wakes and grows," of its genesis in all the intricate organism of the body, and all its necessary attachment to this present world; but they have laid stress upon something in man which had priceless and imperishable value. It was his soul. We have come now—with wider comprehension, let us hope—to speak of this precious and imperishable soul as the person, the whole man, all there is of him from his far-away origin in the whole race behind him, through his visible career, his actual contact with this living and real world, even into a realm beyond, toward which we all yet look with yearning and unaccustomed eyes.

Jesus built upon this sense of the sacredness of a man to himself—this conviction that there is in each human being something august and holy and imperishable. He saw it, with hushed wonder, looking through the eyes of a little child; and he frankly recognized

it in the wistful, hungering face of the harlot. The pure in heart should see God, and the stained and soiled of heart should find the open door, and the way back to Him. He recognized this value of the person in the poor, toiling for their daily bread under the light of the sun; and he beheld it in the face of the rich young ruler whom he loved. He started the personal life into movement and growth when Nicodemus, his twilight friend, came to see him; and he did the same thing in another way when Zaccheus, the publican, climbed up into the branches of the tree to see him pass.

These things tell the whole story. They disclose the absolute impartiality and inclusiveness of the master-motive of Christ. You cannot say that Christ took sides with the rich against the poor, or with the poor against the rich; with the saint against the sinner, or the sinner against the saint; with the master against the slave, or the slave against the master; with Jew against gentile, or gentile against Jew. You can indeed make a brief for almost any of these things by selecting isolated instances, but you cannot maintain that brief against the whole movement and spirit of Christ's life. He took sides with man against every oppressive force without, and against every threatening influence within, which could defeat the man from becoming himself. He took sides with man against everything which threatened the wreck of manhood—everything which meant the loss of inward light. It was better for a man to be drowned in the depths of

the sea than to oppress one of these little ones; it was better for a man to pluck out one eye or to cut off a hand, and go into the kingdom of heaven maimed. than to go into hell with both eyes and both hands.

Thus did he advocate man against his foes from without and his foes from within. The one thing in which he absolutely believed with unwavering faith was the value of a person to himself, the worth of this mysterious and elusive something which is myself, its worth to me and its worth to God. That is the adamantine rock on which the gospel of Jesus and the faith of Jesus is built.

And by means of that faith we must learn to trace his influence upon the history of the world. Here is the path, and the footsteps of Jesus are imprinted on that path wherever in all subsequent time you find living in the hearts of men and burning in their desires this sense of the worth of a man to himself, and this antagonism to every foe which batters from without or creeps stealthily from within.

The footprints of Jesus—those bleeding tracks—you will find them all down the roadway of time, where men have toiled and wept and suffered, and kept vigil or fought the battle hard, that somewhere this soul of human life might have new access to the light, new freedom to grow. It is the faith which has broken the shackle of the slave; which has heard the cry of the children; which has listened to the moaning of the poor; which has thought more kindly toward the criminal and the prisoner, been more considerate of the

erring—more wise and pitiful and forgiving in every way. It has created new problems of its own. It has counteracted, so the scientists tell us, nature's rough and ready way of eliminating the weak and the unfit; but it has listened to some voice which through all this time has seemed to be pleading for opportunity, for time, for patience, for love, so that what is of worth within each one of us may have chance to grow, room to come into the light, and a way up to the face of God.

And wherever that power is kept alive; wherever men are vigilant against injustice and oppression; wherever they are quick and eager to open up a new path for men, there the way of Christ is impregnable and unassailed. And wherever, too, men are on watch against the subtle foes from within—not only the gross foes which start up out of the passions and appetites of the flesh, but those subtler foes which spring up out of our very respectability, our culture, our wealth and ease, making us forget that "the good is always the enemy of the best;" wherever men, I say, are on watch against these subtler foes, and are opening up new paths for the growth of the person—that power which man has to drink from the wells of eternal life—there again the faith and the way of Jesus appear as the impregnable rock. And on this rock he builds his church.

Let us hasten now to trace for a little way the second path. We have seen how Jesus recognized the value of the person. Let us now see how he also

recognized the spiritual nature of the world in which he lived.

It might be said, of course, at once that Jesus recognized the spiritual nature of the world in just the sense that most people of his time and nation recognized it; that it was not an uppermost question, not a problem in dispute, and that the problems which agitated the Greek mind for hundreds of years before Christ did not much occupy the Hebrew mind. We shall find, it may be said, that Jesus believed in a world above this terrestrial world, which was occupied by God and by angels, and that from that upper world divine power streamed into this in form of miracle and special intervention, and in answer to prayer. Probably Jesus did hold the views about the world which were commonly held by the men of his time. There is little reason to think otherwise.

But here is the point of importance. It was not so much a theory of the universe that occupied the mind of Christ; not a formulation of its laws; not even a theodicy—an attempt to justify the ways of God to man; but it was a conviction of the divine reality. It was what Jeremy Taylor called, in his quaint phrase, "the practice of the presence of God." The essential difference, as I conceive, between Jesus' idea of prayer, for instance, and the idea of prayer as we may find it explained and defended in many a religious treatise, is that the latter is on the defensive. It stands or falls with some special theory of the world and the divine relation to it. Jesus' idea stands through all mutations

of thought and interpretation. For it is one of the ways by means of which a man lays claim to the larger potencies of his own life. It is one of his means of climbing.

We are not particularly concerned, therefore, to learn whether the scientific opinions of Jesus did or did not accord with the ordinary science of his day What we are concerned with is to know whether he had a vision of reality, a convicton of an eternal love and life within and around all our life, which was a true vision—a conviction which would hold essentially through all time, and through all the mutations of opinion.

Men who have called themselves religious have been scared, terribly scared and stampeded, in the various crises of opinion, when men have been busy revising their theories of the universe as they have approached it from the hither side. The really religious men have never been scared. There was nothing to scare them. They could always say in the spirit of Tennyson's line: "If He thunder by law, the thunder is yet His voice." And "If we could see and hear, this Vision—were it not He?" I believe that Jesus would have loved that poem of Tennyson's. He would have said: "Yes, that is what I believed; that is what I meant."

Now, all things come to those who wait. And to those who have waited with expectancy and confidence it is no very great surprise to hear so many gathering voices hastening to assure us now that the

world is spiritual in its very structure. The testimony comes from those who measure the stars and weigh the earth in their balances, and dissolve its elements in their crucibles, or speed the subtle currents of the cloud and air to do the bidding of man. The testimony grows and swells toward the conclusion that the world about us is a spiritual world. That is, it is not the accidental and capricious play of mechanical forces which have no intelligence, no controlling purpose, no goal. It is a world which has meaning and movement and purpose—too vast and intricate to be grasped up in even the largest of our formulas, but still a world about which we may say: It is rational, it is good, it reveals mind and it reveals love. What more can we want? And what less can the heart of man demand? And it was on this rock of faith in the spiritual constitution of the world that Jesus planted himself. And so long as that rock does not crumble, what is built upon it stands secure.

In conclusion, I must only indicate the third direction which Christ pointed out as a path of eternal security. He laid hold of the sense of righteousness in a man's life and built on it. He looked upon that sense of righteousness as a large and satisfying reality. He made a beatitude in its honor, for he said: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." And he was constantly directing men away from an arid and formal righteousness to something

that was alive, and seeking further growth. "Your righteousness must exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees," he said. If human righteousness is like a perfectly cut, flawless diamond, you can hardly exceed it; for it is perfect of its kind. But if righteousness is like a seed, you can constantly exceed it; for it grows and grows, and does not cease to grow until it bears fruit—and then the fruit is but a seed-receptacle for future growth. Jesus believed in a righteousness, and in a human capacity for righteousness, which was like a seed, and which could even destroy itself in order to find life.

If, then, we can really grasp the meaning of this faith of Jesus in a righteousness which exceeded the formulated righteousness and the best ideals of the time, shall we not the better understand the religious significance of that righteousness which is constantly undoing the righteousness of every age—the righteousness which refuses to crystallize itself, but which grows to meet the capacity and the need of man's life? There are certain standards of individual righteousness which get established, and to which men come gradually to conform. And then they discover that these individual standards are not enough, they must be exceeded. There is a social righteousness; there are standards which make new appeal because of new relations, bonds holding men together in ties which the individual standards may entirely overlook.

That is why so many men are bewildered and utterly amazed today. They are being brought to

judgment before standards of righteousness which they have not as yet recognized. They regard themselves as righteous men. What laws have they broken? What codes have they ignored? None, perhaps. Only this—they have not exceeded that familiar righteousness. They are righteous men upon the lower plane; but they are not righteous men upon the higher plane. And it is part of the necessary and clarifying process of every age to establish these higher claims and to lift the whole body of mankind to a new level. That is distinctly the process through which the world is going at this present time. We are meeting the disclosure of new tests, and being made to feel the strain and pull to new heights. And the kingdom of heaven waits for those who can, at whatever cost, find the way to exceed the righteousness by which they have been righteous hitherto.

Here, then, let us pause and come back to the question where we began: Is there an ideal, and invisible, and enduring church of Christ, against which the massive gates of the devouring underworld shall not prevail? Is there something in this world which can endure every wrack of time? Yes there is. But it rests not on an apostolate whose credentials are the miter and the keys. It rests not in the imposing presence of cathedral fronts. It rests on man's power to hold bravely and loyally to a conviction of the imperishable value of man, to the spiritual nature and vitality of the world, and to an ever-enlarging ideal and practice

of righteousness, a response to every motive and way which will enable a man to grow toward the stature of God.

If we can hold to these three things at least, we have a way of life that is worth while. We have a motive for living which can give quickening and inspiration. And in every form and type of its organized expression we have a church—a church against which nothing in this world or in any world can prevail.

THE COMPASSIONATE GOD

"Thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion and gracious, long-suffering and plenteous in mercy and truth."—Psalm 86:15.

XIII

THE COMPASSIONATE GOD

There is doubtless no word or phrase, not a noun or adjective, of this noble affirmation which has not long since become an accepted conviction of all enlightened men. It voices our common worship. We recite its words unheeding their content. We take it for granted that it is true.

But there must have been a time, long since, when such an affirmation came as a surprise—perhaps a blinding light, as when the sun strikes through a rift of threatening cloud. Human history did not begin here. Primitive religion could not have envisaged such a thought of God. And had primeval man tried to say "Amen" to this sublime conviction his "Amen," like Macbeth's, would have stuck in his throat.

There are, in fact, two strata of intervening cloud-belts through which this shaft of light cuts its way. There is, first, the early identification of God with the dark, grim forces of nature, which made him seem terrible—an implacable and angry foe lurking in ambush, ready to spring forth in the lightning and tempest, to strike down in the pestilence, or to crush under the paw of the wild beast of the forest. The primitive fear of the natural world, of its unexplored and misunderstood forces, was at the same time a terror and a fear of God.

With increasing knowledge and experience this

terror was dissipated. Slowly there was developed a human confidence in the natural order which was able to produce such a poem as the ninety-first psalm. I say "developed," because any idea of inspiration which means anything real and solid implies, at the earth-end of things, not an inspired water-jug, nor an inspired graphophone, nor an inspired stock-market ticker, but an inspired man—a man whose eyes have become accustomed to living in a wider effulgence of that light in which we all see light. So at length there came a day when some man brushed the mist from his eyes, looked forth on this scene around him, dipped his pen in ink, and wrote: "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling."

Now, as a sublime religious affirmation this stands the test of time. For it does not mean, in any rational view of the matter, that, by virtue of abiding under the shadow of the Almighty, a man may cease to be the mark of the natural forces. It does not mean that a good man may not, equally with an evil man, be struck down by the lightning, crushed in the wreck of trains, drowned in the sea, become the victim of disease, succumb to the slow dissolution of age, go at length with the long procession of mankind into the common grave. But it means that man has ceased forever to associate God with these experiences as a

malignant and vengeful cause. Man may be willing to postpone the explanation of these bewildering mysteries of life, lay them on the table, wait for a wider range of fact and experience before he even tries to resolve the mystery; but he cannot wait that long to come to some conclusion regarding the inner meaning and movement of life. He must somehow find standing-ground for himself, a conviction that there is a goal, and that the goal is good, and that some mighty embodiment of wisdom and of patient love stands there within the shadow keeping watch above his own. And the religious faith of mankind has long since hewn its way out to that conviction. It has penetrated that somber stratum of low-lying cloud.

But there is still another stratum of cloud through which this search-light pierces. It pierces the conception of a legal God; and the legal God was largely the creation of the later Hebrew mind. There was built up the conception of a God of commandment and statute; a Being bent on undeviating justice, too pure to behold iniquity, too strict to condone it; a God who was at once a Puritan and a martinet.

Now, taking the Old Testament as a whole, we shall naturally find more allusions to a legal God than to a human, compassionate God, plenteous in mercy and grace. Correspondingly, we shall find the legalistic portrayal of religion and piety. We see the legalistic man in all his priggish pride, his condescension, his aloofness from the common herd. And we find this legalistic type of piety embalmed in that literature

of the Old Testament which lays supreme stress on shunning the company of the unrighteous, thinks much of one's formal rectitude, and meditates on the law of the Lord day and night. The product of this legal type was the conscious formalist who was not averse to viewing himself as a tree planted by the rivers of water bringing forth his fruit in his season.

Then, later on, when the sense of oppression became great and the desire for political deliverance grew to be a determining motive, and the pharisaic cult had become established, the legal conscience in its most scrupulous type was in the ascendent. And the necessity of yielding painstaking obedience to the commandments of an exacting God became the profession of the technically pious, and the exasperation of everyone else.

Somewhere through this murky bank of legalism there came glimmering the suspicion that God, after all, might be a human God—a God touched with a feeling for man's infirmities, a Being who remembered our frames that we are dust, even if he remembered the spark of light within those frames which no dust could quench. Here and there was heard a voice which dared to utter more and more boldly this suspicion that God was not all wrapped about with the cords of law, of commandment, of rigid and exacting precepts; that there was something in his being, just as there was evidently something in the world and in the nature of man, which made allowance for growth, which gave some play back and forth, furnished some easement

from friction and strain, and had compassionate regard for the very difficulty of the task which he had himself imposed: just as you, when you send your little child to school to be drilled in mathematics, to master the intricacies of language, will have some tender feeling for the tears that start in the troubled eyes when numbers seem so rebellious, and geography so queer, and the spelling of one's mother-tongue so unaccountably baffling. You will respect the tears, and you will hug the child a little closer, even though you know that he must keep on the thorny way, and conquer and learn.

So in this far-off time there was here and there one who began to see that God might be like that—that he, too, in his great majesty, might respect the tears of man, and that the everlasting arms would be beneath him, as he went on his difficult and dutiful way. To see this clearly would deliver God forever from being a martinet, and would save man from being a religious prig. So here and there in the Old Testament it flashes out just as it does in our text for today: "Thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion and gracious, long-suffering and plenteous in mercy and truth."

Now, somehow it seems that this gleam of light flashed and disappeared—just as sometimes on the coast you will see the quick, vivid flash from the light-house, and then darkness, and you wait a long time for the light to come again. And sometimes it will happen that, as you wait in suspense, there will come, not the flash of white, but a flash of red—alternating white and red. And that is what happened in this

strange doubting and believing nation, with its alternations of prophets' insight and scribes' legalism. When you looked for the light to flash again, it flashed red —and behold, the régime of the scribe and Pharisee was on in full control. And when that master-prophet of Nazareth arose, legalism was at its height. Everywhere were men boasting that they were righteous, because they kept the law; everywhere men despairing, because they had not kept it, and because they could not keep it. Everywhere were teachers refining upon the commandments, making them minute and detailed, and insisting that they all be kept. And everywhere were patient pupils—the common people drudging along the common life, who were bearing a yoke that did not fit, and a burden of outward and mechanical duties which was a heavy load. And when one day there came the tones of a calm, courageous voice, saying, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest, for my yoke is easy and my burden is light," men knew, if they were in the least wise, that this forgotten chapter of ancient prophetic insight had been opened anew.

And this is what I would have you chiefly remember today, as we are met here again in the presence of these ancient symbols of the broken body and the outpoured blood of this Nazarene prophet. What I would wish you most to remember is that that far-off Cross signifies, not the bearing of the actual sins of mankind by some mysterious transfer to the head of Jesus, or a substitutionary assumption on his part of a law transgressed, which must be made good in the eyes of

infinite justice. That Cross stands rather as the inevitable outcome for one who, in a legal age, dared to affirm a human God; who, in a time when men's eyes were turned as never before to justice and commandment and law, reaffirmed the conviction, of which even an earlier age had caught some glimpses, that God, so far from needing satisfaction to a sense of justice, or insisting upon the full meed of a law transgressed, was already and eternally, in his own attitude to every man in the world, taking account of human frailty, discounting at the start the stumblings of the struggle upward, moving along through every man's life with him, in patience, in loving-kindness, chiding and helping, anon leaving him to himself and anon holding him up, as the mother eagle, teaching the eaglets to fly, drops from under them and then swoops back to prevent their fall to earth.

Jesus did not die to bear your sins and mine, in some legal and forensic and theological sense. He died because he had the wisdom and courage and faith to reaffirm this lost truth, that God is always going on with man, bearing his sins with him, keeping faith, in all patience and long-suffering, with his half-grown child.

Why did Jesus go to the cross? Let us face that question as an immediate and practical question of the situation which developed around him. Why did he go to the cross? Here is one reason: He went to the cross for daring to teach the parable of the Prodigal Son. That is one count in the indictment. Have you

ever thought of that? And of how directly the implication of that parable ran counter to all the legalism of the time? How it implied a God just like this God of the old psalm—only better, more faithful, more patient, more remembering. And have you ever thought how the older son perfectly described the legalism of the day, with its stay-at-home routine, its abiding in the field, its ability to say: "Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment;" and of how Jesus set all this quietly aside, taking it for granted, but affirming only the larger, more comprehensive thing: "It was meet that we should make merry and be glad; for this thy brother was dead and is alive again. He was lost and is found"?

Shall we ask the question again: "Why did Jesus go to the cross?" He went to the cross because he dared to publish a new commandment—the commandment to love one another. And the commandment to love is no commandment at all. It is really the satire and negation of commandment. For love is simply the resolute determination to live in fellowship with all human beings who, like ourselves, are in the making, capable of rising or falling, capable of heights of good and depths of baseness. Love is the simple and glad acceptance of our human comradeship, conditioned, as it is, by all the law of struggle and of growth. In this power of man to love, according to Jesus, lay his redemption; but, according to the scribes, his redemption lay in his power to conform his life to an exacting standard and code.

We might easily multiply the illustrations which would successively confirm the difference between the master-motive of Jesus and the master-motive of the legalism of his time. And it would be clear that each difference, as it emerged, did but drive another nail into the cross upon which at last he should bear supreme witness to the faith that was in him.

And that faith—this is what we now wish chiefly to emphasize—that faith was not the conviction that God was waiting to have some claim vindicated, some law satisfied, some anger appeased; but the faith, rather, that the only God there was, or had ever been, in the world was the God who, step by step and hour by hour, was a part of this whole long process of history, and this tumultuous procession of human hearts which he had himself set moving and beating. He saw God there in the process, a part of all its awful but glorious meaning—now like the conqueror coming from Edom with garments dyed red in the conflict, and now like the good shepherd tending his troubled flock and giving to every weary lamb the gift of rest. Jesus did not make God compassionate; he did not do anything to make him gracious and merciful and forgiving. He saw that he was all these things, had been them eternally, and must be them through all eternity to come. He saw, and believed, and published it as a gospel—and died, leaving to all men the truth, to grow through all time more clear, that "the All-Great is the All-Loving too":

So through the thunder comes a human voice,
Saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself!
Thou hast no power, nor may'st conceive of mine,
But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
And thou must love me who have died for thee."

And now, before we leave the thought, let us stop a moment to ponder what it means, what indeed it might mean, to have this conception of God and this faith in him become vitally operative, the controlling motive of our lives. This is indeed really the test of it all.

To believe that God is compassionate and gracious means, of course, that we must gradually become compassionate and gracious men. To have faith in the Eternal as long-suffering and plenteous in mercy means that the master-motives of human life are to be these motives of patient hope, of merciful forbearance, of large-mindedness—the magnanimity of the Greek sages —and large-heartedness, of which Jesus is himself the chief exponent. It is the motive which Paul expressed in his great, impulsive, affectionate way: "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

The very moment such counsel becomes a motive of life, on a plane which is above amiable sentimentality, we see clearly that it means the kind of love which grows out of the resolute desire for fellowship, the choice of comradeship with one another in all our human destiny, taking each other just as we are, for richer for poorer, for better for worse, till death us do part.

And to live in the spirit of that motive, in the various circles of our human comradeship and intimacy, means that we discount at the start, just as God discounts, the fact of human frailty and weakness and imperfection. We are not thrown into the comradship of paragons and prigs and statuettes. We are thrown into a human comradeship—the great blessed company of fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, sons and daughters, friends, neighbors, and citizens; and to believe in an eternally compassionate God is to have the growing power to be patient and tolerant and great-hearted when the fault comes; when the spirit, not yet duly curbed, breaks its leash; when the less lovely thing, which we have discounted at the start and know all about, becomes for the moment ascendent. The ugly trait, the evanescent flash of anger, the surly mood, for the moment in the ascendent, easily seem the dominant quality of life, making us grow bitter and disappointed and hard of heart, unless we discount these things, as God does, and recognize in them the brute inheritance not yet thrown off; and then recognize, as ascendent, the better forces which will come into ascendency again.

Is there any other way to live together in this human world? Is there any other *modus vivendi* on the basis of which there may be a comradeship in joy and blessedness and peace?

All, I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

And the recognition of this worth in one another, this potential value notwithstanding "the flaws that lurk" and the "warpings past the aim," is the only real fulfilment of the new commandment that we love one another.

Shall we not, then, be inspired by some clear vision of what the eternal God ever was and is—a God of compassion, gracious and plenteous in mercy; and by some new resolve to make that vision, as Jesus did, a controlling motive in the shaping of our human fellowship, and of the daily life.

THE HIDDEN GOD

"Verily, Thou art a God that hidest Thyself."—Isaiah 45:15.

XIV

THE HIDDEN GOD

In the current number of one of the leading magazines there is a pleasing and humorous sketch which represents Zeus, the father of gods and men, and the creator of the world, as standing on a bank of fleecy cloud. At his feet lies a sphere, representing the planet earth, on which are traced the outlines of the western continent. In his hands he holds a golf-club, swung back for a splendid drive. Near by stands Hermes, with winged feet and in attentive mood—the inevitable selection for celestial caddy. At the remoter edge of the billowy cloud is grouped a respectful and attentive gallery of gods and goddesses; and as Zeus prepares to send the planet whizzing forward into space, he thoughtfully calls out: "Fore, fore!" It is the ancient story of creation in terms of a modern pastime—a pleasing conceit, happily executed, and serious enough to set one thinking.

Is the world in any sense outside of God and detached from him, as this picturesque conceit represents? Did God create the world as a potter creates the pitcher on the wheel, as the spinner weaves the fabric in the loom, or as the refiner refines the silver in the crucible? Is there a point quickly reached where all these suggestive metaphors cease to suggest and be true? In his gruff way, Carlyle once said that most men think of God as having set the world a-going, and

as then having retired to watch it go, remaining, afterward, an absentee God. Is that a true description of the popular belief? Is that the way in which you think of God, of his creative relation to the world, and of his present control of it? These are some of the questions that come to mind, which we may profitably consider today, trying to keep ourselves in the practical rather than the speculative frame of mind.

Our religious ideas are almost inevitably tied up with general ideas about the world—our astronomy and geography, our ideas of space and time. If we need any proof of that, we may turn at once to the first chapter of the first book of the Old Testament. Primarily and profoundly the Old Testament is a religious book, a treasure-house of spiritual uplift and inspiration. But the very first word in it ventures into the field of science; it sets forth a cosmogony; it tells us how God made the world and how he populated the earth—and it does all this in the only imagery and by means of the only machinery possible to men of old time.

The picture before the mind is perfectly simple. Draw two parallel lines and you have all the diagram needed. Between those lines is the world of nature and of man, the earth inhabited by the nations and races of mankind. Above the upper line, that hard and solid firmament, is the upper-world, the dwelling place of God, and his angels and ministers. It is the supernatural world. Below the lower line is the underworld, the Sheol of the Hebrews, the Hades of the

Greeks. It is the world of the dead, the place where shades wander, the realm of darkness and gloom.

Around so simple a scheme as this did the thought of the ancient world revolve. Around it as a nucleus did their religious convictions crystallize. The religion of all mankind has been domesticated in a world which has a firmament and a Sheol—an upper and an under; which has certain beings who are supernatural, certain others who are natural. All that has been quick and spontaneous and enthusiastic in the religious faith and activity of mankind has grown out of these presuppositions. The world—the upper-world and the under-world—what mighty and convincing part it has played in the religious faith and destiny of all mankind! And how true it is that, although we now live in a world, and the most of us know that we live in a world, which cannot be diagrammed in this simple and expeditious way, as upper and under, natural and supernatural, yet the sheer momentum of religious ideas started in that conception of the world carries us by. We have a religious nomenclature, therefore, which does not belong to the world in which we now know ourselves to live.

Some of the great poets of our day, however—indeed, all the greater poets—are helping us to reestablish ourselves spiritually in the world which has grown so great and boundless as time has moved on. The poets are always the first "to feel after God if haply he may be found." That is why they are often better theologians than the theologians themselves.

And the same thing was true of the poets of ancient times. They were not so much intent on diagramming the world, and getting the system of thought right, as they were on giving voice to the heart and the imagination, making effective those great ideals and realities which surge through our life. You can hardly get enough bricks out of the psalms to build a theological house; but you can get better than bricks—you can get fire for your altar, and light for the candle of your soul.

It is, then, a truth of poetry, a voice of the imagination and the heart which speaks in these words of Isaiah, who was a poet himself: "Verily, thou art a God who hidest thyself." I hardly venture to say precisely what he meant, except that he seems to be speaking with satisfaction and pleasure. He is glad to believe that God does hide himself. Therefore he must have had a different thought in mind from that of many of the Hebrew writers who speak in dread of God's hiding his face from men. That is a very common picture in the Old Testament. And I suppose it must have been suggested by the habit of drawing the loose fold of the outer garment about the face when one was afraid or ashamed, or when he wished to show dislike of another.

How easily one could hide his face within his robe! How much it suggests of fear, of aversion, of hostility. And men prayed to God that he would not hide his face from them. To them the storm and tempest seemed a frown of God. The pestilence and the earth-

quake, disease and death, the oppression of the enemy, the invasion of earthly misfortune and loss, seemed the hiding of his face. They prayed for the clear light of the divine countenance, and for the smile on the face of God.

But Isaiah takes it for granted that it is the very nature of God to hide himself. Therefore his metaphor was moving in another order of thought: he was anticipating, by one of those first flushes of the dawn, a truth which is fast becoming a master-truth; an idea supreme in our poetry, in our science, in our philosophy, and which waits to become supreme also in our religious faith; a conviction out of which shall come spiritual vitality, such as came when men believed with all their hearts in an upper- and an under-world.

Let us then take this thought of Isaiah and try to follow it for a little way as an Ariadne thread through some of the labyrinths that have puzzled men.

We may well begin with this remote idea of the creation of the world, the creation of life. Had we been there "in the beginning," as the writer of Genesis calls it, what might we have witnessed? Well, who can say? Only that it would not have been anything like the picture of Zeus sending the planet scuttling from the end of his club; nothing like the potter shaping the pitcher on his wheel; nothing like the weaver weaving the pattern in his loom. We should not have seen or heard God, had we been there "in the beginning." He was then, as ever since, a God who hides himself.

Every once in a while, when we pick up the morning paper to see what is doing in Russia or Cuba or Washington, we are confronted with startling headlines and staccato sentences to the effect that some distinguished savant is at last on the point of creating life, doing it *de novo*, and out of hand. I do not know why it is the newspapers periodically get so hysterical, and try to get other people agitated over what is not the least bit exciting, if one has a grain of wisdom and sanity in his constitution. To create something that lives, by a happy combination of salts and acids, is hardly more wonderful than the power to set the heart a-beating after it seems to have grown silent forever—and that is what men of science are doing now. But even to create life, or actually to do the bold thing of setting a little world going on one's own account—what does it tell us as to the real origin of all these forces and elements that once came to be what they are? What does it tell us as to a thinking, brooding mind which first thought of putting things together and making them live? What does it tell us as to the majestic sweep of things, the march of life, the heading of things toward a goal? What does it really tell us as to *life* itself? If a man, possessed of reasoning and reflecting power, can trace the movement of life backward, laying bare its process step by step until he reaches the unit of life, and discovers there a simple chemical union of certain elements which he is able himself to combine in his laboratory, what does that skill and wisdom really make emphatic? It emphasizes

nothing so much, I should judge, as that there had also been mind and reason and purpose in the forward movement which is now traced backward, in the synthetic building-up of a world which is now laid bare by a process of experiment and analysis; that the world, as we see it and know it and have it, is the embodiment of thought commensurate to the undertaking and the result. The real demand of the religious instinct is not for a God who once did something which man cannot possibly analyze or imitate in his laboratory, but the demand that He, the Thinker, was, and has ever been, in this world, which is His thought; that He, the plotter of good, was in the world which shall prove itself good by having a goal and by reaching it, even though the day be far off. And yet in all this movement and process He has been the invisible, silent, hidden Source of life—as the psalmist called Him, "the fountain of life, the light in which we see light."

In that splendid outburst of the prophet Isaiah which we have read again today for our Scripture lesson, we see the religious imagination taking flight, soaring into the empyrean, looking down with withering satire on all the poor and weak idolatries of the people around him, endeavoring with one exclamation after another to find some term which will be a worthy description of the great God his own faith grasps. Noble as the passage is—and there are few nobler in the Bible—we yet realize how inadequate it is, how at best it can only throw out hints, leave some faint impression of the greatness of God who sits upon the

circles of the earth, calls out the hosts of heaven by number, and whose understanding cannot be searched; and come at the close to that point to which the religious spirit always comes with something of the certainty of experience, that "they who wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." However the understanding may falter in coming to a conception of the Almighty, the heart that waits upon him finds strength and inspiration and everlasting peace. Therefore, if we had been there "in the beginning," we doubtless should have seen no thundering Zeus sitting on the circles of the earth, issuing his commands and saying audibly, "Let there be light!" and, "Let the dry land appear!" and, "Let there be a firmament between heaven and earth!" We should have seen only what it has been given eyes to see since eyes were created; but the life, and the power, and the spirit within all this play of mechanism and matter would have been as it is now, invisible and silent. In that measureless time traced backward to the point where all the worlds began to be, he was still a God who was hiding himself. He was in the process and the movement, and the march of things; but he was hidden in it all. God was in it, but you could not find him in it. You could not say when you had him, and when you had him not.

But perhaps this approach to the subject is too large and vague. Possibly it makes you dizzy to stand on the circles of the earth and peer off into the min-

gling of chaos and cosmos. Let us take something more definite and tangible and small.

Take a grain of wheat, a kernel of corn, an acorn dropped from the oak. In all these little particles there is the germ and potency of life. That one grain of wheat would in due time cover the wheat-fields of this western land. The acorn would ere long grow into a forest of oaks. Over yonder in the university they will tell you all there is to be known about these marvelous little receptacles of life. Out on the farms, the farmer will tell you from the practical side how to turn them into life. He knows when to sow and to reap, how to prepare the soil, how to market the grain. From the side of botany and agriculture alike we know that the wonderful process of life, the fidelity of life to itself, is in the seed so inert and hard. But do we know where God is, in all the movement of this life? Can we put our hand upon him anywhere in the process? Is he the one who dwells above, making the furrows soft with rain when he is so inclined, sending the drought and the blight and the frost when that mood is upon him? That is too narrow and shallow a thought to entertain—too much like the God which Caliban hated and cajoled in turn. You remember what the Scotch farmer said when the crops were a failure and the dominie tried in mechanical fashion to reconcile him to Providence. He burst out with the exclamation: "I know all about Providence. It's Providence this and Providence that. I hate Providence. But there's One above who will make things

right in the end." It was the instinctive appeal to the over-God, the dumb instinct that oftentimes our conceptions of God are only a caricature of what he really is.

No, we do not find God by looking for him as the dispenser of gifts and blessings from outside. As Job said: "He hideth himself on the right hand that I cannot see him; on the left hand when he doth work, but I cannot behold him." We look for him outside the process and movement of life, rather than within it. He is in the life, hidden there, never stepping outside the life itself. He is not only in the life—he is the life; and wherever life is, there is he.

"Thou art a God that hidest thyself"—astronomer, and biologist, and tiller of the soil might well all alike take this truth to heart, and grow reverent in the presence of the one Life that filleth all things with its activity and power.

And now one step farther. I wish I knew how to speak in other than veiled parables and intimations concerning the relation of this truth to our human life —to the part we have as the bearers of life from generation to generation; and to the absolute certainty that God is hidden too in all this process and mystery, even as he is hidden in the acorn and the wheat.

Suppose there could dawn upon us some real and controlling sense of this hidden presence in our human relationships, and in the bond which guards the sacred mystery of the transmission of life—would it not be

something like a universal annunciation, such as that which the gospel narrative tells us came to Mary, the mother of Jesus, when the angel said to her: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee; wherefore also that which is to be born of thee shall be called holy, the son of God?" Is not that one annunciation, in reality, the symbol and anticipation of a universal and eternal truth? In a day when men were not ready for the universal truth they believed the partial truth. There grew up the belief in the virgin-birth and the immaculate conception. Purity and holiness were turned over to miracle. Men regarded that as unclean which God had made clean, and could not see that God was waiting to teach them that in the profoundest and holiest sense every life that struggles out into the light is conceived of the Holy Ghost, and that in the love and loyalty of human hearts there is the overshadowing of the Most High, and that forever more all

> Motherhood is priced
> Of God, at price no man may dare
> To lessen, or understand.
> . . . . . .
> Virginity eternal signed and sealed
> Upon all motherhood.

We shall surely see in the end that nothing is gained for religion, nothing for the true nurture of the spirit, by putting God, his approaches and relations to us, into the exceptional, the unusual, the miraculous; by thinking of the divine as there, and of the human as

here. God will become of avail as a reality and inspiration, by our ability to think of him as the hidden presence in all the laws, and functions, and relationships of our multiform life. And if the thought weighs us down with humility, so that we exclaim, "Lord, I am a man of unclean lips and not worthy to appear before thee," he will lift us up as he did the prophet and say to us again: "Son of man, stand upon thy feet that I may speak to thee."

One word more. All this truth, with its impressiveness and urgency, comes to a kind of climax in those words which you may already have anticipated. It is that significant moment when Jesus was talking with his disciples. And some word of his called out from one of them the eager exclamation, in which somehow the long anxious search of all human hearts is wrapped up: "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." That exclamation voices the age-long doubt and the age-long faith of humanity. "Where is God? You cannot find him; you cannot prove that he is," cries the doubter. "Oh that I knew where I might find him," cries the believer. "Show us God, and that is enough," cry doubter and believer in one voice.

And what is the answer of Christ? "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father!" Let us not mistake the purport of that answer. Let us not turn the switch which shall sidetrack us once more into an age of scholasticism and dogma. Had men seen the Father in seeing Christ? The only key that unlocks the wonder of that reply is the key Christ himself furnished

in varying terms—all of them, however, terms of man's inward attitude to life: "He that doeth the will of God shall know the truth;" "If any man loveth he shall know God, for God is love."

If we follow out the requirement of these directions, we shall see God. But we shall not see him as one apart from the laws and forces and personalities in which he lives and works. We shall not see him as dissolved out from the process, and set apart as an absolute Deity. He is still a God that hideth himself. He is in the process, as the mighty energy of life. He is in the will that chooses the good, as the mighty and eternal impulse toward the good. He is in the mind that loves the truth, fitting together for that mind, as it moves on, part by part the universe itself, building up a rational order that is sane and whole.

So, whether Christ actually applied to himself or not these terms of the Fourth Gospel which seem to have their roots in the soil of Greek ideas, it remains essentially true that those who have seen him have seen the Father—because they have seen a life which dared to trust the silent and hidden God, dared to believe that he was there, dared to make him visible and incarnate in all the common ways of life. He willed the good; he bore witness to the truth; he was pure in heart; he counted nothing unclean which God had cleansed; he saw unfaith and treason to God only in that which worked havoc and ruin in these lives which were the temple of God.

To Jesus himself, as to the first man Adam, and as to the last man who shall come forth from Adam's loins—to all alike, God is the one who hides himself. He is not in the earthquake or the tempest, but in the still, small voice. And it is that voice which Jesus heard—the voice whose tones we so easily miss, which whispers to us in all the laws and ways and relationships of life, which tells us that the thing which is true in us is true in him also, and which makes luminous to us those masterful words of Christ: "He that receiveth you receiveth me, and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me."

THE HOSPITALITY OF CHRISTIANITY AND THE MODIFICATIONS RESULTING

"They shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God."—Luke 13:29.

XV

THE HOSPITALITY OF CHRISTIANITY AND THE MODIFICATIONS RESULTING

It would be interesting to have a record of the unexpressed objections to some of the sweeping statements which Christ was in the habit of making. We can guess what the objectors would sometimes say. It is not difficult to guess in the present instance. They would have said: "We don't want them to come from the north and the east and the south and the west. We are perfectly content with our present constituency. We are the religious 'four hundred.' We believe ourselves to be the hereditary people of God."

Within a few days the newspapers have been telling us that one of our enterprising merchants has been asked to supervise the establishment in London of a great modern American department store. The description of the plan discloses the fact that the greater number of London shopkeepers are not only confined to a limited patronage and relatively small establishments, but that they prefer this condition. They do not advertise their wares, because to do so would bring them more customers than they can serve. It would compel enlargement of plant, increase of stock and of the number of employees. In many instances these shopkeepers have a patronage which is not only stable, but hereditary. Certain families have traded with certain firms for generation upon generation. It

is a part of the tradition of English history, and the merchants have no disposition to enlarge their snug little incomes, or to increase the number of their reliable and respectable patrons. In one view of the matter, this reasonable contentment is quite refreshing; in another view, it is unprogressive, and certainly un-American.

Now, Jesus found a religious situation in Judea not unlike the mercantile situation in London. He found an unprogressive, reactionary, and aristocratic supervision of the religious institutions. There was a pedantic satisfaction, a racial pride, a zeal for national exclusiveness, a Zionism before the time of Zionism. To Christ this was narrow, contemptible, intolerable. And he told them so. He said to them: "Ye shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets in the kingdom of God, and yourselves thrust out. But the middle wall of partition shall be broken down. The gates on the four sides of the city shall be swung back. And they shall come. From the east and the west, from the north and the south, they shall come and sit down in the kingdom of God."

This confident outlook of Christ's suggests many things. But the one thing I am going to ask you to take note of today is the modifying effect that comes to us from enlarging our scope of life, our range of interests, of influence, and of fellowship. We cannot have all the gates of life open, hospitable to the streams of life from every point of the compass, without a profound modifying effect upon ourselves.

This, you will observe, is the opposite consideration to that which is most frequently forced upon our attention. It is, so to speak, the centripetal rather than the centrifugal influence we are now to consider. We more commonly emphasize the outgoing meaning of this enlargement of life. To break down the walls, to open the gates, to reach out toward all men and nations, to democratize and Christianize the world—this oftenest means to us merely the fulfilment of what we sometimes call the "great commission" embodied in the words of Christ: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." This is the outreaching, forthgiving, centrifugal force.

But there is also, if we will but stop to note it, an influence all the time going on of the opposite kind. The enlargement of life and the universal point of view not only give us a chance to get our ideas and ideals lodged everywhere, but those ideas and ideals themselves get modified in the process. And this is something we do not always take account of, although Christ seemed to forecast this very thing in his companion-parable of the mustard seed and the leaven. The mustard seed is the parable of the outward, extensive, centrifugal growth. The kingdom of God is to fill the world. The leaven is the symbol of the inward, intensive, centripetal growth, where, when the leaven has done its work, it has pervaded the bread, but is itself modified in modifying the lump.

It is then this inevitable, and at the same time desirable, modification of which I ask you now to take

note. Not only do we change others, but we are changed ourselves by our contact with them, and by the general growth and progress of life.

There is no better place to begin in seeking evidence for this statement than at the very threshold of Christian history. What was the first great change which came to primitive Christianity? We all know, and yet perhaps we seldom measure the full significance of that change. We know that the apostle Paul insisted on carrying the gospel to the Graeco-Roman world, but we have certainly never overestimated the modifying influence which was exerted by that world. To the first disciples the gospel of Jesus was distinctly a form of Jewish messianism. They had no means of interpreting the message of Jesus except against the background of Jewish history, Jewish memories and prophecy. The Christian church was a reform movement within the Jewish church itself. They had broken with the rulers, but they had not broken with their national history or with their most sacred traditions. All their hopes and expectations were bound up with the certainty of Christ's reappearance upon the soil of Palestine. He was the Prince of the House of David who should one day come to his own.

What then happened? The apostle Paul happened —the most significant personality, with the most revolutionary career in the first century of Christian history. Paul's contention was that the gospel of Christ was not exclusively a Jewish gospel. It was a gospel for all men, all classes, and for every station of life.

There was no longer Jew or gentile, male or female, bond nor free; they were all one in Christ Jesus. The process by which he came to this conclusion, and the rabbinical theology by which he defended the conclusion, do not greatly interest us today. But the fact interests us, and the sublime heroism with which he made the fact good against tremendous odds, and in the face of opposition from his Jewish-Christian comrades, and of frequent misunderstanding from the citizens of the Graeco-Roman world.

But this is a part of the story on which we cannot linger. Here is our query: Was the gospel of Christ modified by its passage into the Greek and Roman world? Did it in this passage lose its messianic coloring and character? It still bore the name of the gospel, and associated itself with the memory and influence of Jesus Christ; but did it, at the same time, become a different product, a message with a different meaning and direction?

I suppose that this question admits of only one answer. It is not a matter which is really in dispute. One who has followed only cursorily the early centuries of Christian history is perfectly aware that great and radical transformations were undergone.

But this is the question which does even yet awaken controversy. Were these transformations desirable or necessary? Did they mark a forward or a retrograde movement? Was it the gospel of Jesus, or a travesty upon it, which bore its name, say from the third century onward?

To these questions you will get contrary answers. There are always in the world people of a literalistic turn of mind who insist that the only real Christianity is primitive Christianity. They find no place within it, and no warrant for any modification which implies change of form, method of appeal, or inclusion of a wider range of interests and ideals. To many of these people Christianity is still, if they only knew it, the Jewish messianism which it was at the start; and with entire consistency of view many of them still anticipate the earthly reappearance of Christ.

There is also a type of mind, of which Count Tolstoi is the most conspicuous example, which interprets Christianity, not in the mystical, but in the ethical way, and to which Christian conduct must be the literal, unmodified application of the exact precepts of Jesus. In the view of people of this type of mind, we are not Christians unless we do the things that Jesus did, obey in form the precepts which he inculcated, and walk with painstaking devotion in his footsteps.

Now, I am sure we need not take the ground that everything is Christian which has taken place in Christian history. We need not hold the perfectly indefensible citadel that every historic transformation of the gospel has given wider and fuller expression to what Paul called the mind of Christ. But with utmost emphasis we may take the ground that the great historic modifications are themselves a part of that eternal purpose sweeping the world onward into wider life. The mighty Will, the divine Intelligence, which

holds and guides the world, works within the characteristic expressions of life which come from different ages, different races, and different men—so that those who come from the north and the east and the south and the west to sit down with Abraham and Jacob come not to serve them, or to acknowledge a Hebrew supremacy, but to make their contributions, and to bring their gifts, even as in the beautiful story of the gospels the Magi came bringing gold and frankincense and myrrh to the infant Christ.

Think just a moment, then, of two profoundly modifying influences which came like leaven into this primitive Christian messianism, when once it was fully established in the Graeco-Roman world. At once the great Christian teachers began saying less about the messianic idea and more about the idea of incarnation. Now see what that means. The Jews had the idea of anointing or unction. That is what the name "Messiah" means: he is the anointed of God. And that describes the Hebrew idea of the way in which God communicates himself to the world. He must anoint a king and make him the authoritative bearer of divine power, therefore kings were anointed for their service. He must anoint a prophet, and make him the authoritative mouthpiece of the divine message; therefore the prophets were frequently anointed for their task. He must anoint a priest to make him a fit medium of sacrifice and sacrament; therefore the priest was anointed for his holy work. The divine unction—that expresses the high-water mark of Hebrew religious thought.

But the Greek had the idea of incarnation. And what does that mean? It means that God might actually dwell in human life and in earthly affairs. It was not an external anointing, but an inward presence. The spirit of God took possession of a man, not by reason of a formal and official act which gave accrediting to his work or his message, but the real spirit which was everywhere in the world could be also in a man's life, shaping that life, giving the sense of freedom and of joy. This idea of incarnation was not a Hebrew idea. It was a Greek idea. The Hebrew writers spoke of theophanies and anointings; the Greek writers spoke of the Logos, the word of God which could become flesh and dwell in human life.

The influence of these modifying Greek ideas is disclosed even before the pages of the New Testament are closed. The Gospel of John and a few of the epistles are pervaded with ideas and expressions which Abraham and Isaac and the prophets could never have used or understood. The Greeks had come pouring in through the open gates; they sat down with Abraham and the prophets; and in the end the gospel was more a Greek gospel than a Hebrew. In the fourth century the stamp of Greek thought was indelibly fixed upon the formulas of Christian belief and interpretation, and symbols like the Nicene Creed have come down the ages claiming an authority, and taking themselves for granted as a final expression of Christian ideas, long, long after those same terms of Greek thinking have ceased to be vital or even intelligible to the

most of men. We do not think in terms of "substance" today. We think in terms of process and growth. To say that Christ is of the substance of God does not signify much; it does not convey a great deal of meaning. We may affirm anything to be true, but truth nowhere keeps its footing by affirming. It keeps its footing only by its ability to disclose itself as an evident interpretation of reality.

But I want to mention one further modifying influence which came into Christianity from this Graeco-Roman world into which Paul so splendidly bore it. It began to take on through that influence the marks of catholicity. The primitive messianic Christianity could never have become a catholic faith. It was a little kingdom within a kingdom. It was native to Palestinian soil, and that soil would have been the arena of its history. But the moment men ceased to think or care about the visible reappearance of Christ, that moment the gospel began to become, in a sane and wholesome way, a kingdom of this world. It rooted itself in citizenship. It began to take the far view and to build for the days to come. It aligned itself with the progress, the meaning, and the scope of human history itself. It was no longer an apocalyptic kingdom to be waited for and yearned for while men abandoned their earthly occupations, put away husbands and wives, ceased to engage in useful labor; but it was the disclosure to men that their citizenship was in heaven, in the sense that the world, instead of being left behind, would be served with a new sense of pro-

portion and with a finer reverence for the world itself and all its occupations as ways of the spirit and footprints of God.

As we follow this process of growth and interaction of ideas and ideals, we discover that even that ancient term, "the kingdom of God," which could always fire devout Jewish hearts with zeal, gradually merges into those social and human ideals which give inspiration to the modern world. Guizot's remark that democracy crossed over into Europe in the little boat that bore the apostle Paul suggests an inexhaustible truth, for he bore the message, the impetus, the spirit which could readily combine with those tendencies which were already democratic rather than theocratic, which looked for the will of God to be done, not by his visible and external rule, but by its gradual entrance into the wills and the choices of men.

But this backward look is already taking us too long. I want now, in the light of this backward look, to glance for a moment at our contemporary Christianity, and then for just a moment forward into the future.

The contemporary question brings us face to face with our triumphant Anglo-Saxon civilization. Has this civilization surrendered to the primitive Christian ideals and conformed its life to those early messianic hopes? No, it has not done this any more than did Greece or Rome. It has worked a transformation of its own. It has brought to bear the inner character-

istics of the Anglo-Saxon race. It has sounded the note of its own inner life. Initiative, vigor of will, magnitude of achievement, emphasis upon liberties and rights, the conquest of the world, and the desire to rule with a strong arm—these are some of the obvious aptitudes of the race to which the most of us belong.

Now, it is doubtless a difficult question to answer in an unprejudiced way—for it is impossible to dissolve out the personal equation—but here is the question to be faced with what frankness and clearness of vision one may be able to bring to it: Is the will of God, the mind and purpose of the Eternal, working through Saxon enterprise, Saxon liberty, Saxon materialism if you will, even as it worked through the genius of the Hebrew, the Greek, and the Roman races? Is the charge that our age and civilization is a materialistic civilization, wide of the mark, in so far as it creates a divorce between the spiritual and the material? Is not the true charge rather that our materialism is not deep enough and fine enough unless it carry us through to the heart of it, to feel the pulse of the Spirit within it, and to make all these outward forms of our energy and enterprise plastic as the clay is plastic in the hands of the sculptor?

We shall only be confused and misled if we listen to the voices which would divorce the spiritual life from all this splendid energy, this passion to create and control, which lies at the heart of our race; the voices which would call us back to a religious life dominated by contemplation, by passive submission, by the spirit

of resignation, by aimless waiting for the kingdom of God to come.

> It is the hour of man: new Purposes
> Broad-shouldered press against the world's slow gates.

It is not only the energy and material accumulations of our age and race, but the vision of the divine spirit within it all, that Edward Markham has so finely caught in his poem of the "Mighty Hundred Years," where the very Powers of Water, Fire, and Air are described as crying out to man in very joy:

> Master us, O Man, for thou art fair;
> To serve thee is our freedom and our might.
>
> We love the craft that found our hidden place—
> The beauty of the cunning of thy hands;
> We love the quiet empire of thy face:
> Hook us with steel and harness us with bands!
>
> Make us the genius of the crooked plow;
> The Spirit in the whisper of the wheels;
> The unseen presence sitting at the prow,
> To urge the wandering, huge, sea-cleaving keels.

I have myself long since reached the point where I confess to a genuine admiration for the mighty sky-scrapers which go towering up to heaven like a hundred towers of Babel. I sometimes stand and watch them grow with something of the feeling which I expect to have if some day I stand before the cathedrals of Cologne, of Canterbury, and of York. But I never wish that they were cathedrals instead of the thing they are. Cologne and Canterbury belong to

the past. They are the product of an age which expressed its love and its aspiration and its service in the cathedral form. And I have no sympathy with those who exclaim: "Oh that our age were only serving God like that!" What I want to be concerned about—what you, my fellow-men, need to be concerned about—is to see that in these lofty buildings, in the enterprise, the energy, the will which they represent, you are to serve God as no other age has yet served him. Do these buildings stand for ruthless greed, for the over-riding spirit of competition, for the love of mammon? They may stand for that and nothing else. But they may also represent, as no cathedral ever did, the power to serve the eternal will —the ministry to one's fellow-men in ever-enlarging ways. They may represent truth, and justice, and generosity, and love to a degree which will make crusades, and monasteries, and cathedrals pale in importance.

> Always there will be vision for the heart,
> The press of endless passion: every goal
> A traveller's tavern, whence he must depart
> On new divine adventures of the soul.

As to the forward look into the future I have only a single comment; and that shall be in the felicitous words of President King, spoken the other day at the meeting of the American Board. In the midst of a most clear and dispassionate address upon the changed conceptions of the century in missionary theory and practice, President King raised the ques-

tion as to what is today a really adequate motive. And this is his answer:

> That motive does not lie in the mere thought of hell, however keen one's perception of the certainty of retribution; nor in the thought of the command of Christ regarded as external, however high the lordship ascribed to him; nor yet in the thought of a prescribed task of witnessing, as a formal condition to be fulfilled for the coming of the Lord, however clear one's expectation at this point may be. Equally certain is it that the motive does not lie in a supercilious attitude taken toward other peoples, and their values and ideals; nor in the denial of their present and later possible contribution to the understanding and interpretation of Christianity. We must recognize, and modern missionary theory and practice are increasingly recognizing, that the other peoples must have their own opportunity for practical and theoretical interpretation of Christianity, and that they have their own large contribution to make to the world's understanding of its greatest faith. It is quite possible that the Indian or Japanese interpretation of Christianity may have as large a contribution as the American or the German.

Those seem to me words of wisdom and of insight, although I can easily fancy a smile on the face of more than one self-sufficient, enterprising American on being told that a new motive for foreign missionary work is the need of having his own ideals modified and enlarged by the people to whom he offers his faith. But is not that, after all, the motive which saves one's work from patronage and condescension? Is it not the only escape from a narrow and intolerant propaganism? If the Graeco-Roman world modified the primitive Christian faith, and if in turn modern nations and peoples have modified the interpretations of the Graeco-Roman world, shall we regard it as

unreasonable that our own Christian faith shall once more be enlarged, illumined, reinterpreted by those who still shall enter the open gates on every side to sit down with Abraham and the prophets?

It need only be said then, finally, that there is but one thing in all these changes and transformations which does not change, which cannot change—the heart of Christ, the spirit and the mind that were in him, the compassionate love, the human touch, the conviction that the will of God is the good-will, and that the good-will of God may be chosen and embodied in the life of man. That is the eternal gospel which persists through all time, through all races, through all history. The light of the morning is upon it, even as when the voice of Jesus first rang out among the Palestinian hills. The gospel is the good news of the presence and the love of God, of the unity and fellowship of men, of growth and progress into the life everlasting.

It is not, O Jew, in hereditary privilege and election and descent from Abraham; "for of these stones God could raise up children to Abraham."

It is not, O Greek, in your wisdom and philosophy, for that too may one day be forgotten.

It is not, O Roman, in your laws and your world-wide administration; for the Roman legions are long since scattered.

It is not, O Saxon, in your strength, your power to put to use and service the dumb things of the earth.

It is not, son of India, in your mysticism and your dreams.

It is, indeed, all these in the outward and historic form; for "a religion for all the world must be made by all the world." But through the varying forms and transformations, in the furnace of history which fuses peoples and races together, there stands after all a form like unto the form of the Son of man. And whether we live in Palestine or Rome; whether our destiny and generation place us on the Ganges or the Mississippi; whether we belong to the first century, the fourth, or the twentieth, we may, if we listen, hear a voice speaking as it spoke of old: "This is my beloved son; hear ye him."

REJOICING IN YOUTH

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment. Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh."—Ecclesiastes 11:9, 10.

XVI

REJOICING IN YOUTH

It would be worth much to us if we could have a photograph and a friendly sketch of the unknown man who wrote this brief tract of the Old Testament to which we so seldom turn. What kind of a man was he? How did he look? Was he the sort of a man young men would like? Were he on the faculty of a university, would his courses and his friendship be sought, because of something winsome and human, about him; or would he be avoided, when possible, because he was morose, cynical, and hard? What, on the whole, did this man think of life? And what was he trying to say? What was his message? And is his message worth while?

We must get along without the photograph. We must even get along without the friendly sketch—the memorabilia of this Old Testament Socrates. It is only as his face peers out through his message that we are able to decide whether he was a Socrates or an Epicurus, a Carlyle or an Omar Khayyam.

He has been called most things that it is possible for a man to be called: croaker and pessimist, skeptic and profligate, Puritan and Cavalier, sage and preacher, man of the world, and writer of rubaiyats before the Persian Omar was born. Was he any of these things? Was he none of them? Was he all in one?

I have already asked questions enough to make

this approach to the subject fall in with Dr. Van Dyke's remark about the spirit of the age, whose coat-of-arms is characterized by "an interrogation point rampant." I have certainly asked more questions than I can hope to answer.

It may be sufficient for the present purpose, however, to say, that, after renewed study of this ancient and enigmatical book, the conviction has grown deeper in my own mind that the writer, whoever he was and wherever he lived, was a genial, kindly, sympathetic soul, touched with a love of things human, feeling the value and the joy of human toil, of human friendships and associations—sad indeed, but chiefly because the horizons of life shut down all too suddenly and too soon; saddened as one might have been before the days of Columbus, because the world, otherwise so good and inviting, was cramped and small. It is, on the whole, a book which, in the words of one of its wisest modern interpreters, "points out the fairest results that would come to men, if men were to obey the injunction, 'Let this mind be in you which was also in Benjamin Franklin.' It moves in that matter-of-fact region which, because another state of being is not clearly in sight, will make the most of this."

Perhaps this answers the question: Did this man love young men, and would young men have turned to him as one who understood them, and who understood the motives and impulses of their young-manhood life? I propose to let his own words still further answer this question. Yet these very words show us

how difficult it is to place this unnamed sage where he belongs. There is something elusive about him at the best. For note his words: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy young manhood, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

Now, if you imagine this man a croaker to start with; if in your mind's eye you see a hard, unfeeling old critic, sitting up there and looking down upon you, pointing his long bony finger at you, this will be about what you will get from him: "Young man, have a good time if you want to. Follow the inclination of your heart. Do as you please. Let yourself go. But remember, the judge sits on high, and the judgment day is at hand. You can have your fling, but you will pay the cost."

But suppose you start with a different picture and a different presupposition. Here he is, this elusive man, and his face is peering for an instant through his words. He is a man of years, of wisdom, of full and ripe experience. There is something at once disarming in his friendly eye, and the lines of his face are pleasant lines. He might almost be what men used to call Walt Whitman—"the good gray poet." He is not even perched upon a pedestal, like some self-conscious pillar-saint. He is down here upon the level, and he likes to be where young folks are. He is the kind of a man who can put his hand on your shoulder without your resenting his familiarity, and you recognize him

as a comrade when he says to you: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth! For life is good, is it not? 'Tis good to be strong, to feel the zest of life, to enter into things with abandon and enthusiasm.

How good is man's life, the mere living! How fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy.

'Tis fine to feel that there are things to be done, obstacles to overcome, giants to thrash, foes to conquer, inside of us and outside of us. 'Tis good to feel the bounding pulse of life, and to know that life comes from the Great Source which pronounces it good, and which also passes the verdict of approval upon our own enjoyment of its zest, our own response to its eager and full appeal. Rejoice in thy youth! Walk in the ways of thy heart and in the sight of thine eyes; and know that God will give thee, for so rejoicing and so walking, the judgment of the divine approval—that approval which has once for all declared that life is good and that the world is good; that it is almost as much a final duty to rejoice as it is to obey; to be glad, as it is to be clean and true, to be high minded and holy."

Now, if I were to order some portraits of the author of the book of Ecclesiastes, I should order them from this negative and not the other. I feel confident that this is more nearly the way that wise, genial old gentleman really looked. And if I were to write his memorabilia from the personal impressions which have fixed themselves here and there between the lines, this

impressionistic sketch would forecast the lines of such a personal reminiscence. And it is in the hope that something of this personal smile and warmth and friendly presence may still linger with us, as we go on, that I now venture to ask you to take his words away from the time, and the occasion, and the atmosphere surrounding them, and to think of them as a general truth in relation to ourselves and to our time, and our manner of thought.

Let me, then, continue what I have to say by brief, successive mention of three qualities which are fundamental to life, and which are also essential qualities of youth. These three are Activity, Strength, and Idealization.

I need not enlarge upon a truth which is becoming a commonplace to us all, a fundamental principle in all recent observation of the manner in which life works, the relations of mind and body, the purpose and goal which are set before us in our smallest and our greatest tasks. This is all summed up in the single word "Activity." Your teachers in psychology may describe it as "the voluntaristic trend." It is one and the same thing. "The impulse to act is the deepest thing in us," says one of our contemporary wise men. "The world we will is the reality," says another. And before there was ever a wise man in the world to condense things into philosophic terms, there was a small boy somewhere going around and accosting everybody, all the time with just one question: "What shall I do?" He,

and all his colleagues, contemporaries, and successors from time immemorial, have been following the "voluntaristic trend," though they knew it not by name. I heard a distinguished university president say the other day that when he was a small boy himself he used to think his father sat up nights thinking of things for him to do, and now that he had four boys of his own, whose activities he wished to steer, he knew he did. "What shall I do?"—that is the first question in our life to take definite and conscious shape. "What shall I do?"—it is the question which re-asks itself whenever we get a new point of view, a clearer vision, a larger motive of life. It is the question we ask when we are born. It is the question we ask when we are born again. And it means that activity is indeed "the deepest thing in us," and that we are ever struggling, consciously or instinctively, to make the adjustment between our own organic life and the great world of ends and choices, of ideals and activities outside of us.

But I have no wish to read you a lesson in psychology further than to lead up to this conclusion. When from our observation of human powers, our inspection of human experience, we find certain processes, methods, results, we may reasonably conclude that these processes and results have the sanction of the One who creates and controls the whole movement of life; that we are therefore to rejoice in it, to walk in the light of it, and to know that God has given it the verdict and judgment of his approval.

Be glad, little boy, that there is something in you which keeps asking the question, "What shall I do?" and which keeps you restless because you never find enough to do. Keep asking the question. Don't stifle it. Don't let anyone else stifle it, for then you will grow old and dead.

And rejoice, young man, in this signature of your youth. Be thankful that there is something in you, too, which keeps asking the child's question: "What shall I do?" Let us hold steadfastly to the belief that "the world we will" is indeed the real world, and that the things we do are the measure of our growth both in intellectual and moral stature.

One of the most refreshing sights of our time is the spectacle of grown-up people learning a new meaning in the old words of Christ: "Except ye become as children ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." They are learning that, instead of its being the chief duty of a grown-up person to give the benefit of adult experience to young people, it is a part of his duty to perceive that young people have the same power to do in their own spheres what older people have in theirs; that the young person's life is not the mature person's life reduced and weakened, like a cup of hot water with "just a little tea" in it; but that the life of the child and the youth is the same life, the same activity—the life and the activity of the Eternal seeking expression in terms that belong to each stage of growing life. What our teachers are beginning to grasp today as matters of scientific principle has been grasped by

a few sympathetic, friendly folk through all time. I suspect that this dear old man, the author of the Book of Ecclesiastes, was one of this kind. Perhaps he had a boy of his own who asked: "What shall I do?" And as he touched the young life around him, and felt the essential soundness and sanity of that life in its eagerness, its enthusiasm, its almost restless movement, he said, more to himself than to anyone else: "It is good; rejoice in it; the judgment of divine approval is upon it, for God made it what it is. And oh! it is so much better than the weary and senile years when men shall say: 'There is no pleasure in them.' "

It is only a step from activity to the quality which lies behind it and compels it—the quality of Strength. There is a zest, a vigor, a leap of the blood, which is recognizable as the strength and power of life. Youth, therefore, is primarily not so much a matter of years as it is of health, of mental vigor and hospitality, of eagerness and zest and appreciation of life; and from the most ancient times this essential quality of life has expressed itself in terms of strength. The aged apostle in his retirement appeals confidently to the young men around him. You remember his words: "I write unto you, young men, because you are strong and have overcome the evil one." There is always the certainty of response when appeal is made to strength, to courage and valor, to a chivalry which shall redress wrongs and a manhood which shall champion the weak. The Crusades would have lan-

guished without the support of youth. The armies of the world are reinforced from their ranks. For along with the love of adventure and excitement, and all the lesser motives which make young men follow the recruiting officer, there is somewhere always the spectacle of that splendid courage, that indomitable faith, which one may read upon the face of a Colonel Shaw, as St. Gaudens has immortalized him on Boston Common. And when the times of peace come, then it is again the young men whose minds have not grown senile, and whose hearts have not despaired or grown cold, who wrestle with the political and social problems of the hour.

Every generation reaches a point where, in the consciousness of its own waning powers, it can sit down and do just what the aged apostle did: write unto young men because they are strong. Each generation, perhaps, also reaches a moment of flitting melancholy over the subsidence of the fires which once burned with ardent flame. In such a mood as this, Phillips Brooks once exclaimed:

> Who is not aware of that strange sense of loss which haunts the ripening man? With all that he has come to, there is something that he has left behind. In some moods the loss seems to outweigh the gain. He knows it is not really so, but yet the misgiving that freshness has been sacrificed to maturity, intenseness to completeness, enthusiasm to wisdom, makes the pathos of the life of every sensitive and growing man.

Even a flitting regret like that, just the shadow of a momentary sorrow over the swiftness of the years

is but one more confession that the essential soundness of youth lies in its strength, its physical force and endurance, its mental ardor and enterprise, its impetuous determination to bring things to pass. "The safe years, after all," a wise observer of life has remarked, "are the years of the enthusiasms and enterprises; the dangerous years are the years when the vital powers are going the other way—when pleasures pall, when clouds return after the rain, when the blanch of disillusion is on everything."

So we find our wise and tolerant observer of life, this ancient, unknown sage, bidding the young people around him believe in their youth, rejoice in their strength and their enthusiasm, and telling them that this ardor of life has the judgment of the divine approval. And then the invincible logic of his thought leads him in the very next sentence to write those memorable and familiar words: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." I am sure we need not add that it is a call to remember God, not as someone outside one's life and one's strength, not something in addition to the other duties and privileges of life. It is rather a call to remember God who is invisibly, but really and vitally, present in the conscious powers of life—in the strength, the glow of enthusiasm, the confidence of spirit, the endurance of powers, the very impetuousness of life, which make youth what it is. Remember thy Creator, not because he is so far away that you are in danger of forgetting he is there and need to be reminded, but because he

is so near, so intimately a part of what you are and what you love, that you are likely to overlook the very nearness of his presence. Therefore, if your muscles are hard; if your lungs are full; if your digestion is sound; if your blood is ruddy and quick; if your entire physical reaction on life is normal and gives you the sense of tingling health, of perfectly free and spontaneous vigor, it is because the divine life is in all these things, meaning that you shall rejoice in them, that you shall see them as good, and shall direct them permanently into channels of health, of soundness, of sobriety and strength for yourselves and for those who may live through you. And if, again, you are conscious of strength of mind, if your brain is working like a steady and faithful machine it is once more a token that the divine Will means that you shall pronounce it good, and make it the loyal instrument for furthering truth, of making its bonds enlarge, and for yoking it to the service and the welfare of mankind. Rejoice in thy youth, in its strength and enthusiasm—and know that all these things God has already assessed and approved as messengers of the eternal purpose which moves through the world.

I must hasten then to speak for just a moment of the third quality of youth—the quality of Idealization. It is quite impossible to dissociate this quality from the things we have already been considering. The eternal question, "What shall I do?" which springs up in childhood and which haunts the youth,

and the enthusiastic strength to go about seeking an answer to this question, are closely linked with this other power which grows somewhere within us, a motive and a vision great enough to sustain us. But I am sure there is a sense in which we recognize the time of youth as the flowering-time for the ideals of life. It is not because there are not still things to do, nor even because men lose their strength and are too weak to do them, but because with so many a man the time comes when he thinks they are not worth doing—it is this which makes the pathos and the hopelessness of many a life. The prophet Joel, picturing the future, looked forward to a time when this power of idealization should push clear through to the further limits of life, for he said: "Your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions." But the thing of which one may be most sure and always sure at least,is that the young men see visions. The capacity for the ideal is seldom absent from the hearts of youth. It is a dreadful thing to get blasé at any time in life, but it is the most dreadful thing to get blasé when all the hopes and visions and enthusiasms of life are beckoning on.

What, then, is an ideal? The little child would say, perhaps: "It is the pleasant dream and anticipation of life." Your middle-aged, disillusioned misanthrope would say: "It is the thing which has no actual existence. It is the lying mirage of the desert which you hoped would prove to be refreshing springs and cooling shade of palms." And every here and

there you find also the man to whom the ideals of youth have faded away into the brutal opportunism of middle age—as some fair mountain scene projected on the canvas dissolves into the picture of hurrying, jostling crowds upon a city street.

Is there then, we ask, no ideal which is neither childhood dream, nor manhood illusion and mirage? Let me answer the question by telling how a friend of mine put the matter the other day. "What is the difference," he asked, "between a car that is moving rapidly along the street, and the man who is running to catch the car?" The primary difference is that the car is impelled by a casual force from outside. The man is impelled by a desire, a purpose, a motive power from within. The car goes because it must go. The man goes because he desires and wills to go. The thing which makes a machine a machine is the movement forced upon it from outside. The thing which makes a person a person is the movement which is self-directed by the desires, the purposes, the goal which one places there himself.

If this is a true description of personality, then the very power of personality is the possession of ideals. And on every side human life sinks to the level of mechanism when it ceases to establish and declare the ideals by which it lives. It is not so much the embodiment of the ideal and the actual attainment of the end, as it is the assertion of the ideal, the positing of the goal—"the will to believe," as Professor James

puts it so forcefully; it is this which constitutes the power of idealization.

> What I aspired to be,
> And was not, comforts me:
> A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale.

Let us repeat, then: A man's age is not primarily a question of years. It is a question of strength, and it is a question of ideals. A physician, speaking as an exponent of modern medical science, said the other day: "A man is only as old as his arteries are." In like manner, speaking from the point of view of those inner motives which control and gird the life, one may say as confidently: "A man is only as old as his ideals are." His age limit is determined, not by the encroachment of time, but by the waxing or waning of his hopes, by the glowing or dimming of his vision, by the courage or the weariness which determines whether he shall have and keep an inner goal. "The first great peril of middle life," someone has said, "is the degeneration of ideals." And the man who overcomes that peril has found the fountain which De Soto sought in vain. It is that draught of everlasting youth of which the prophet spoke when he said: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint."

It remains, then, to say a single word in conclusion concerning a possible limitation in our ancient

sage's point of view. He has made us realize the essential soundness of life. He has given us a clear vision of its dignity and worth. He has made us feel that life is to be received with joy, and pursued with enthusiasm and courageous zeal. He has led us to the conviction that the divine approval is upon his own work, and upon the zest and joy with which men undertake that work.

What, then, did he lack? Wherein does his message fail to be a final message to ourselves? He lacked what the men of the Old World lacked before the keels of Columbus' caravels grazed the shore of the New—viz.: knowledge that the New World is here. He lacked what men lacked whose sky was a firmament and whose stars brightly studded that solid dome: he lacked the sense of the open sky, the myriad vastness of the world of stars, the sense of a universe fulfilling itself in an eternity of years. Had this lack and limitation been absent, it is more than likely that he would not have written his closing chapter with the melancholy description of the breaking-down of life. He might have written instead, in the spirit of Rabbi Ben Ezra:

> Grow old along with me!
> The best is yet to be,
> The last of life for which the first was made;
> Our times are in his hand
> Who saith: "A whole I planned,
> Youth shows but half; trust God; see all nor be afraid."

And had he looked out on life from this higher table-land of vision, there are certain other notes of

doubt and melancholy, and what here and there seem almost like notes of defiance, which would have gone out of his words; for he seemed at times like one bracing himself against the world, asking: "How can a man stand upon his feet and be a man with the vast pressure of the universe against him?" You feel an undertone like that which utters itself in the strong words of a modern poet:

> I am the master of my fate,
> I am the captain of my soul!

A fine, brave thing to say, if there is nothing finer or braver, no point of view which makes all this seem a prejudgment of the case, a measurement of the world before the map of life is actually drawn.

If none of these limitations were discoverable in the counsel of this ancient wise man, it would have been because he had already drunk of that well of which Jesus said: "If a man shall drink of this water he shall never thirst." And was it not, indeed, at that well he needed to drink? Is it not precisely to this larger test that we must bring his words and bring our lives? May we not be strengthened by his sturdy council, and yet feel that it needs the final word—the word which shall make the meaning of our human life seem less the maintenance of our integrity against the world, and more the entrance into all that the world is and all that life brings, with confidence, with abandon, with sacrifice and love; and which shall also lift the sky above our heads, and set the stars celestial diameters apart, and give us space to breathe and

room to grow, and shall bring life and immortality to light?

It was not the fault of the men of the fourteenth century that they did not know that the New World is here. Someone had to discover it first. It is inexcusable that any dweller on the planet should be ignorant of that fact today. Neither was it the fault of this Hebrew sage that he could not say Amen to the message and the mind of Christ. The way of life had not been recharted and redrawn. But now it is projected upon the New World scale. "The law was given by Moses; grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." The way to live with dignity and with courage was pointed out by the sages. The way to live in the larger sense of human comradeship living together, moving on together—this is the message of the One who spoke after the sages had ceased. To rejoice in one's youth, to put away sorrow from one's heart, to be sweet-tempered and brave, in the face of waning powers and of the grave from which there is no word of cheer—our ancient wise man has taught us this with a calm and beautiful austerity which we have tried to see. But to be of good cheer because the world has been overcome and death vanquished; to feel one's self a part of the infinite meaning and value of life; to feel the mortal putting on immortality, claiming an eternity for itself, and living as seeing Him who is invisible because life means so much, and is worth such consecration, and such courage, and such faith—this is the achievement and the message and

the everlasting gospel of the One to whom the prophets and the sages were clear but distant voices, crying in the wilderness: "The kingdom of heaven is at hand."

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